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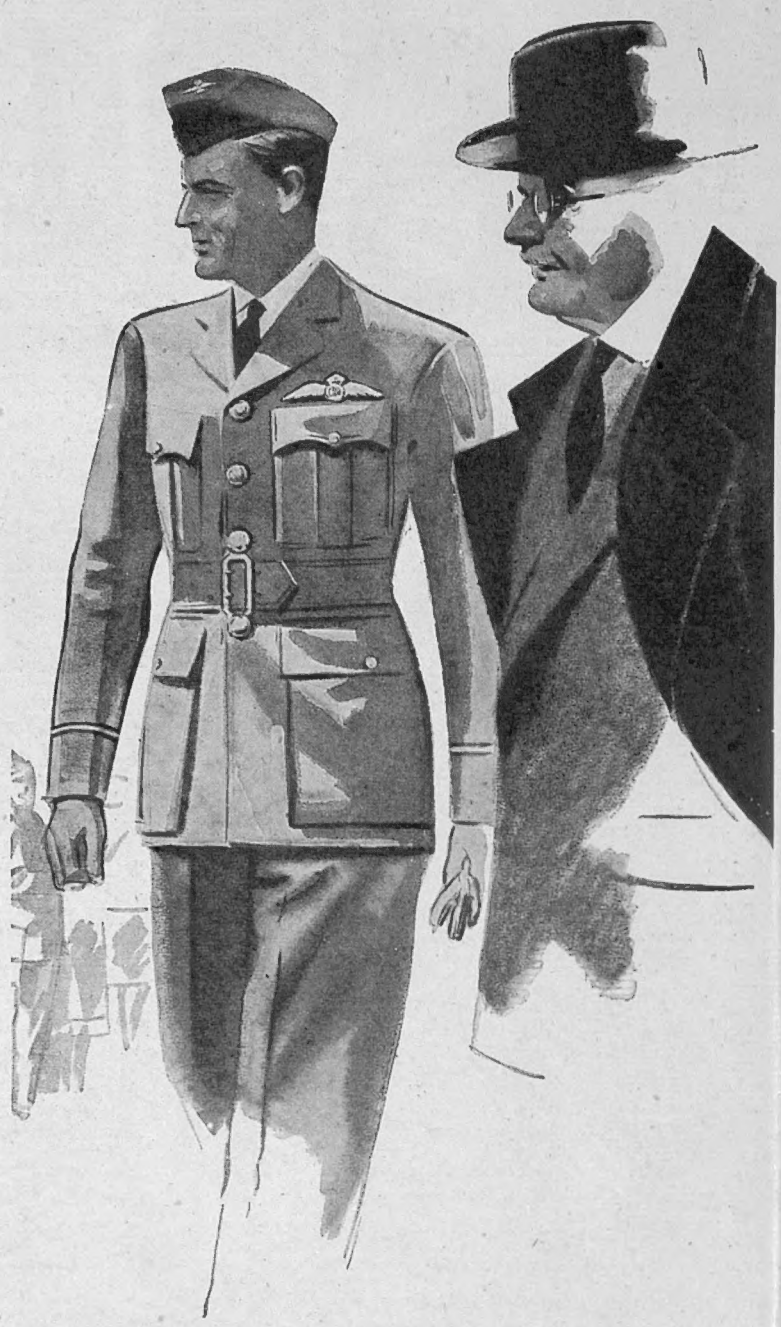

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Volume CLXIX No. 2202 The SPHERE, London, April 4, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 4, 1942

THE ENEMY TURN TAIL DURING THE MEDITERRANEAN BATTLE between Admiral Vian's force of cruisers and destroyers and an Italian battle squadron of overwhelming strength—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

On pages 4 and 5 of this issue we present a complete description of the recent Battle of the Malta Convoy, when a British force under the command of dashing Admiral Vian routed a far stronger Italian squadron which was contesting the passage of the British merchantmen through the Mediterranean. The drawing above—made specially for this issue by Mr. Montague Dawson—depicts the central incident of the thrilling battle: this was the moment when the Italians decided they had had enough and turned tail, to seek the safety of their base! Admiral Vian, pursuing the tactics for which he has earned fame in previous actions, headed for the enemy as soon as the latter's presence was signalled. Every ship in the British squadron began making a smoke-screen as they charged into the Italian Fleet, with the enemy's long-range guns kicking up spouts of water to right and left. "As we came to the point where our lighter guns could reach the Italians," runs one account, "we swung sharply to the left and began firing broadsides. It was like throwing peas at a barn, but we kept pouring them in. As the Italian guns began getting our range, we abruptly doubled back, hiding behind the smoke-screen we had created." It proved too much for the enemy—this game of cat and mouse—and just as dusk was closing in he pulled away, leaving the Convoy to race for Malta and the light British squadron to turn for Alexandria and home

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 135

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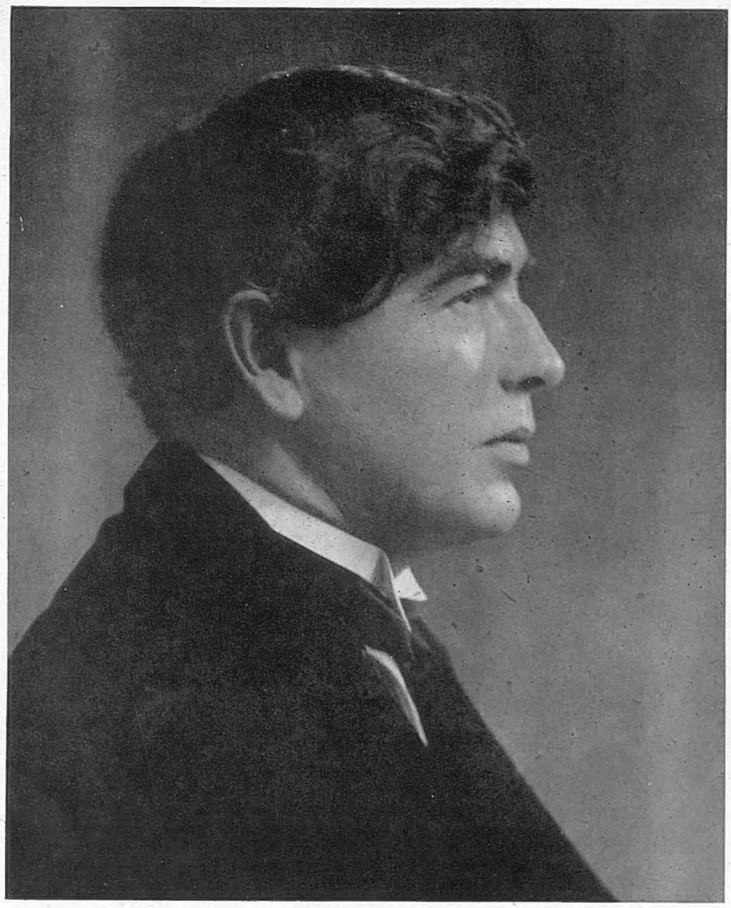
The Turn of the Year.—

For two thousand years, at least, suffering and ever hopeful humanity has found in the season of Easter the year's occasion for renewing its hope and repairing its faith in the ultimate good, in seeking again some far-off, divine purpose in the tragic pilgrimage to eternity. The Easter egg is the symbol of that rebirth; the bird's song and the daffodils and primroses do their bit; and the sun climbing slowly (how slowly!) lends it encouragement. We look forward, and back. Looking back, the thing which must strike the thoughtful this Easter is not so much the special darkness and severity of the winter we have passed through, with its uniquely black record of misfortunes to our arms, as the mental reactions to that winter of the nations longest engaged in war. People do not ever realise until long afterwards the severity of the trials through which they have passed. This was true of 1804, of 1917, of 1940; and it is not less true of 1941-42. Signs now multiply that for different reasons the British Empire and Germany and Italy, and several Balkan countries came much nearer to a mental collapse as a result of reaction to war and to its individual hardships and general imbecility than we realised only a few weeks ago. For us in Britain, the main causes have been comparative immunity in this island and constant bad news from overseas. For Germany the appalling losses and the grand failure of the high hopes of the Russian campaign. That the Germans as a nation have at last learned the lesson of the futility of aggression I have not much doubt, and I derive comfort from this tremendous event. The same lesson was seared on the hearts of the Italians more than a year ago; on France and Britain about forty years ago; on America perhaps a century back. Japan remains to be convinced. It may be that, before next Easter, she, too, will have learned a lesson which holds the chief hopes of humanity. Apart from the Japanese, all the combatants have been nearer the pit of mental suffering and revolt against the horror and imbecility of war than even now they realise. It will take, perhaps, several years before all the evidence of the extent of that mental reaction, as reached by the end of the winter of 1941-42, is sifted, weighed and appreciated. It accounts for many of our own domestic disharmonies and for a great deal that is still obscure (but gradually leaking out) in Germany and in some of the enslaved States in Europe. I believe that all the combatants have come nearer to an "understanding" these last months than is generally realised. Meanwhile, Sir William Beveridge's Lenten Sermon (the best of such sermons yet recorded for us) stands unchallenged in its principles and arguments. For us it must be total war, total endeavour, total suffering and total sacrifice, for men, women and children throughout the Empire; and we must drive on with redoubled force and energy.

The Exuberance of War Correspondents.—

Since Russia turned to take the initiative and to drive the Germans back, I have been struck by the restraint of Soviet war communiqués and puzzled by the "efforts" of some of our British newspapers' accredited war correspondents at the scene of hostilities. Day after day during the past months, on that front the Soviet official communiqué has said one thing (or nothing), while "our own correspondent," accredited to this or that journal, has given chapter and verse for a great victory or a promising break-through or "the beginning of the end" for one or other of the invested Nazi armies or of this or that pocket. Sometimes, after weeks of waiting for official confirmation, "our own correspondent's" optimistic announcement becomes admitted fact; but often enough, too, his *fait accompli* proves to have been a mare's nest, mere wishful thinking, and without apology or any explanation, he drops that particular plum and serves up another as ripe, and perhaps as rotten. And no one seems to mind. We know the difficulties of the war correspondent; we know from the writings of the best of them how high is the trust they impose on their calling, how rigorously they weigh and censor their own findings before sending them out. It is odd that the public in England never complains of the percentage of error in these daily and optimistic bulletins, but it is odder that the Russian High Command seems to be equally tolerant and complacent. For unconfirmed victories so announced increase the fog which lies over that vast front and in the end tend to throw doubt on the careful estimates tardily issued by Soviet authority. We should at least confine journalistic exuberance to our own Army fronts.



THE LATE CAPTAIN GUY DOLLMAN, Scientist and Artist

Captain Guy Dollman, who died on March 21, 1942, was a man of rare gifts and generosity of heart. He had a considerable name in the zoological and artistic worlds, and in both will leave a gap which will be hard to fill. As a zoologist he had worked in the British Museum, Natural History (Mammal Department), since 1907. His work included many publications, principally on African and Indian Big Game. His lectures were deservedly popular, and he had the facility of imparting comprehensibly to the layman his great knowledge on technical matters. As a painter he has frequently exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and elsewhere. His seascapes in particular show a delicate appreciation and interpretation of the subject's many moods. But apart from his talents and brilliance of mind, he was a man who would go to endless trouble to help younger people, or others less gifted than himself, whether in the scientific or art world. His encouragement of the young was an inspiration. His kindness of heart, his unusual wit and great personal charm will live on in the memories of those who are fortunate enough to have known him

"To Give Hitler Pause."—

However heavy and urgent the demand for reinforcements from overseas, the limiting conditions of sea transport and the effect of constant bad weather for flying must have resulted in a most satisfactory state of home reserves of highly-trained pilots, and must mean that, tucked away in hidden caches all over Britain, there are vast stores of fighter and bomber planes and of the "spirit" to run and fight them. But Germany has not enjoyed this immunity from wastage to the same extent. If our losses in bombing and sweeping Germany from Britain have equalled German losses or surpassed them, the Russians have daily taken a crippling toll of Axis planes in the east. If I were Hitler, these reflections would give me pause when I flirted with the idea of the invasion of Britain. Scores of British aerodromes must be put out of action before the attempt can be made. That process is expensive on bombers against an enemy well furnished with fighters. With British reserves so unexpectedly high, and British output so long unchecked by night "blitzes," the first condition of successful invasion might well seem too remote. For even equality of sea power in the narrow seas could not make up for failure to secure air superiority against an island so heavily supplied with coastal defences as ours now is. These conclusions of an ignoramus are derived from public knowledge officially broadcast, and are accordingly legitimate commentary. But as conclusions they may, of course, be open to contradiction. But, if I were a strategist (even from an armchair), I believe I should base my spring offensive projects on their reliability, while I constantly reminded the public, the Army and the H.G. that early invasion must not be ruled out.

Air Reserves.—

No doubt at all we can do with unlimited numbers of planes of all types and of air personnel in half-a-dozen war zones to-day, with the prospect of the spring offensive, here, there or everywhere, on the immediate horizon. Sea transport facilities limit and slow up the transfer of air units to overseas fronts, where they are badly needed; but (as we are allowed to know) such reinforcements are constantly going away in large numbers. Is the drain on our Home reserves too heavy and risky, with the possibility of a resumed air "blitz" and an invasion attempt not to be lightly discounted? The greatest ignoramus (myself) is entitled to draw conclusions and to estimate for himself whether our air position at home be favourable or no. The Empire Air Training Scheme has been going great guns, and trained airmen and ground staffs are constantly arriving in Britain, and their arrival is broadcast. The output of planes of all kinds in America and in Britain is a subject of frequent congratulation by Ministers concerned, and the American quota for Britain, if smaller than once anticipated, is not insignificant. A year ago our home-based squadrons of all types took the air day after day, almost hour after hour. It is reasonable to suppose that, for some months past, they have had by comparison an easy time, perhaps no more than a fifth part of last year's flying hours. Hundreds of star pilots have been engaged on training jobs; thousands of them, anxious to rejoin their own squadrons, have not yet been called back, but await the summons, and the day. There is time for digging for victory on aerodrome potato patches, and other supernumerary duties, and even time for whistling for a job. For six months the wastage in personnel and material in the Air Force has been infinitely lower than the budget of a year ago. Flying weather has been, all through the winter and well into this spring, quite abnormally poor. Such a succession of misty nights is without precedent in flying history.

Truth and False Colours: Art and Literature.—

Now that Steer is dead, the general public will gradually learn the extent of his influence on the art of his day. He was but a name to the general public while he lived and worked so long, although he was (a rare exception) "honoured" highly by the powers that be in his lifetime. As a general rule, the public knows nothing of its great painters until they are dead. It was so with Sickert and *his* circle. I began to comprehend the claims of some of the "silent partners" in his life's struggle to be reckoned as true artists, only when I read his *Life and Opinions*. What constitutes a great artist? Many things besides technical skill. Above all, humility, a willingness to learn from any source, an infinite capacity for taking pains, a never-satisfied ideal, a lifelong discontent with the standard attained. *Humility, high ideals, industry*, discontent. So I learned at last how great an artist was Spencer Gore, from whom Sickert was as proud to learn much as glad to teach much. For art and for literature, the truth comes out when the artist is laid to rest, his work done. While they live, the battle is to the strong and the race to the swift. Publicity plays its part and money success is the vulgar criterion. The fashionable "portrait painter" gets the Honours and the honour, and genius drives on in a garret. But truth struggles out at last, and when long since the "successful" brush and pen have been laid away, one sees the falsity of fashionable reputations and the merits of humility. One sees the *prettiness* of Laszlo portraits and the sloppiness of much of Conan Doyle's writings. And the kings of the garret "creep out to feel the sun" among their posterity.

THE OLD STAGER

After the BIG RAID on the RUHR

DAMAGED BOMB-DOORS AND OTHER PORTIONS HAVE BEEN DETACHED : The affected panels will soon be cut out and new ones riveted back into place

A FRAGMENT OF SHELL FROM THE ENEMY A.A. BATTERIES HAS PENETRATED THIS BOMB-DOOR : The R.A.F. mechanic is cutting out the whole panel for replacement

CUTTING AWAY PANELLING OF THE FUSELAGE WHICH HAS BEEN RIDDLED BY ENEMY "FLAK." The aircraft will be flying again within a few days

The heavy enemy defences which surround the Ruhr district failed to deter the onslaught by hundreds of aircraft of Bomber Command when they resumed their fierce attacks last week. In spite of the *flak* and other German devices, our men have been reaching their targets and unloading their bombs. But, in the process, a number are always damaged; as soon as they return, expert mechanics at once get busy—cutting out the damaged panels, taking off tail-fins and bomb-doors affected by the shell fragments, and generally overhauling the aircraft. In many cases, the damage is far less serious than one would expect—a splendid tribute to British workmanship. Even in bad cases the aircraft are often flying again within a very few days

THIS BOMBER HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A HEAVY RAID OVER THE RUHR : The tail-fins have been damaged, and have been lifted off the aircraft for repair. The starboard side of the fuselage has also been peppered with "flak," and this, too, will receive prompt attention

The BATTLE of th MALTA CONVOY

—*Special* Sphere *Drawings and Diag*

THE cause of the great naval action in Mediterranean, was the passage of a Bri convoy which was carrying important supp to Malta.

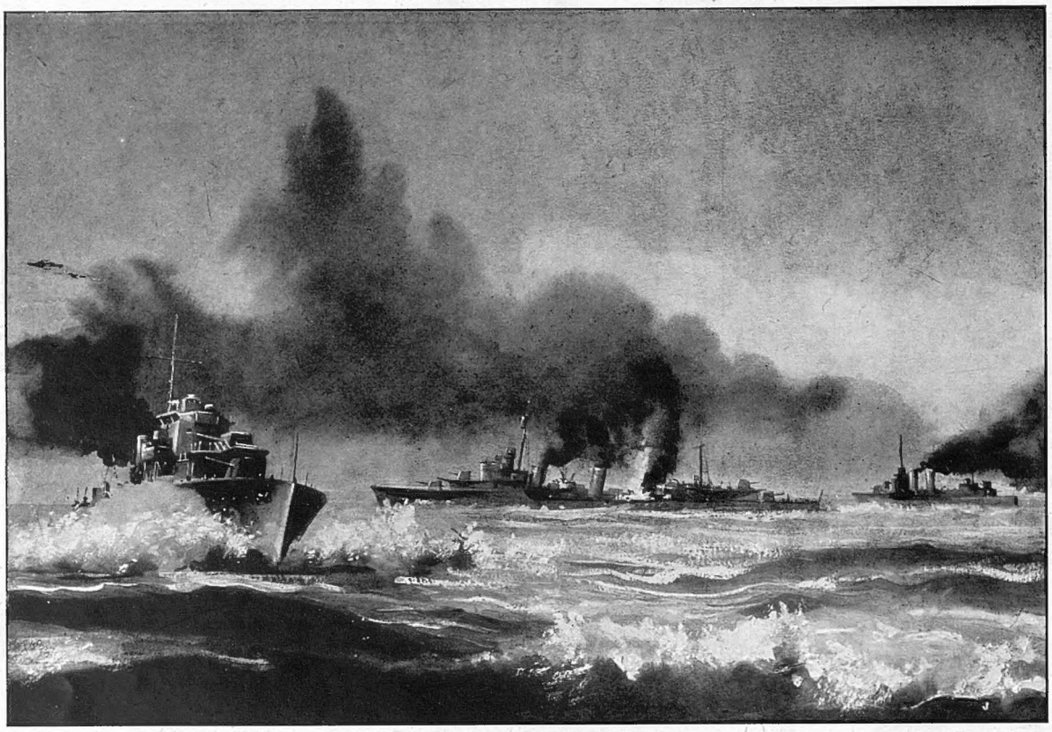
Weather conditions on Sunday, March were very bad and air reconnaissance co not be relied upon. Early in the aftern an enemy force consisting of four cruisers sighted to the northward. The enemy was once attacked by our light cruisers destroyers under the command of Rear-Adm Vian, and the enemy was driven off.

Soon after 4.30 on the same afterno Admiral Vian again sighted the enemy. T time the Italians had sent out a battleship the Littorio class, two heavy 8-in. gun cruis and four other cruisers accompanied by stroyers. Despite the great disparity of fo Admiral Vian at once led his light cruis and destroyers to the attack, in order to dr them away from the convoy.

The Littorio class battleship was seen be hit amidships by a torpedo. She was a hit by gunfire from our cruisers and set fire aft. Severe damage was also inflicted u one enemy cruiser and a second enemy cru was hit. But by the skilful use of smoke-scre our force avoided serious damage.

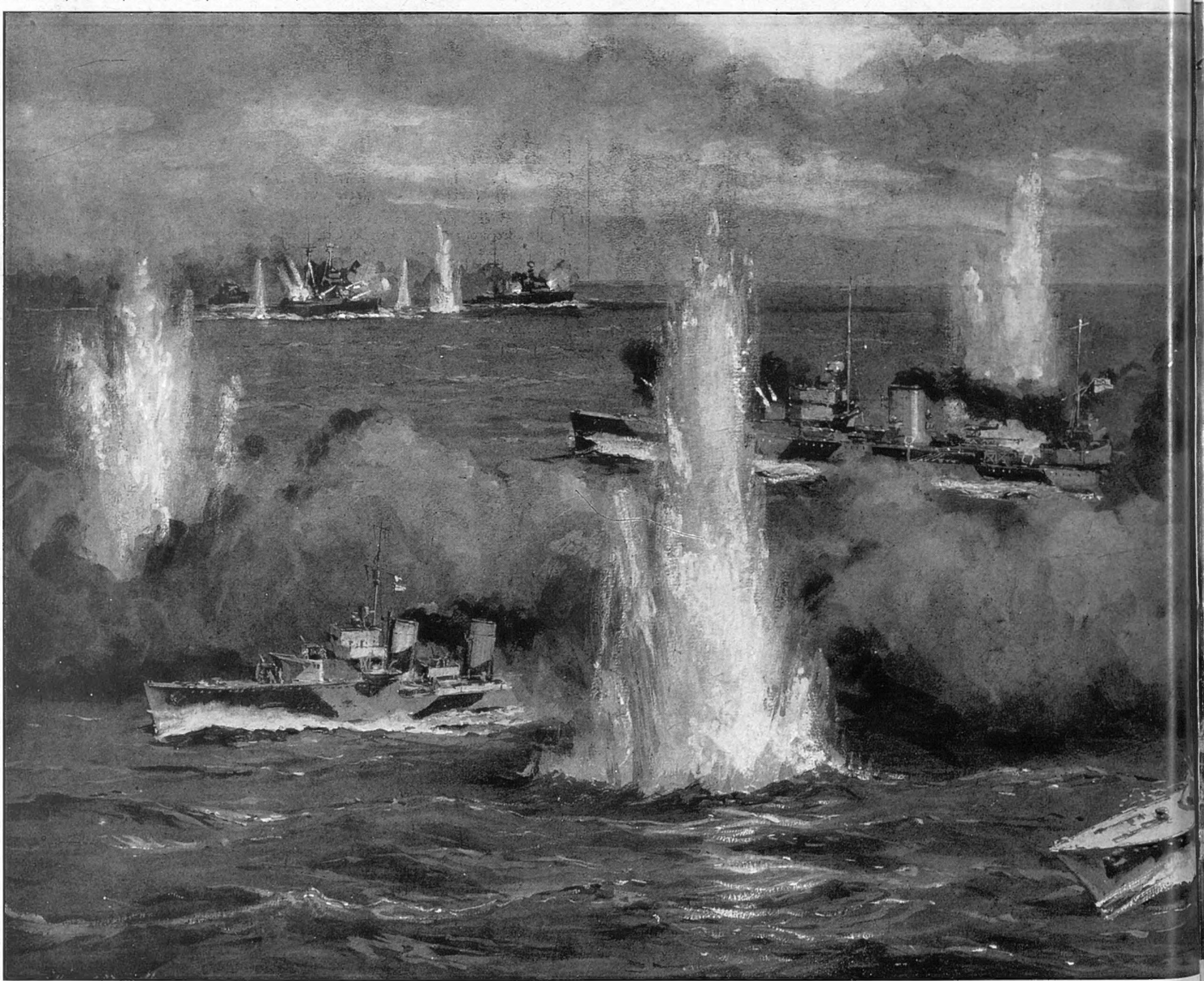
After this action the Italian fleet made further attempt to intercept our convoy.

Throughout Sunday, March 22, our conv its escorts and its covering force were subjec to continuous bombing attacks. During afternoon, while our light forces were enga with the enemy fleet, these air attacks incre



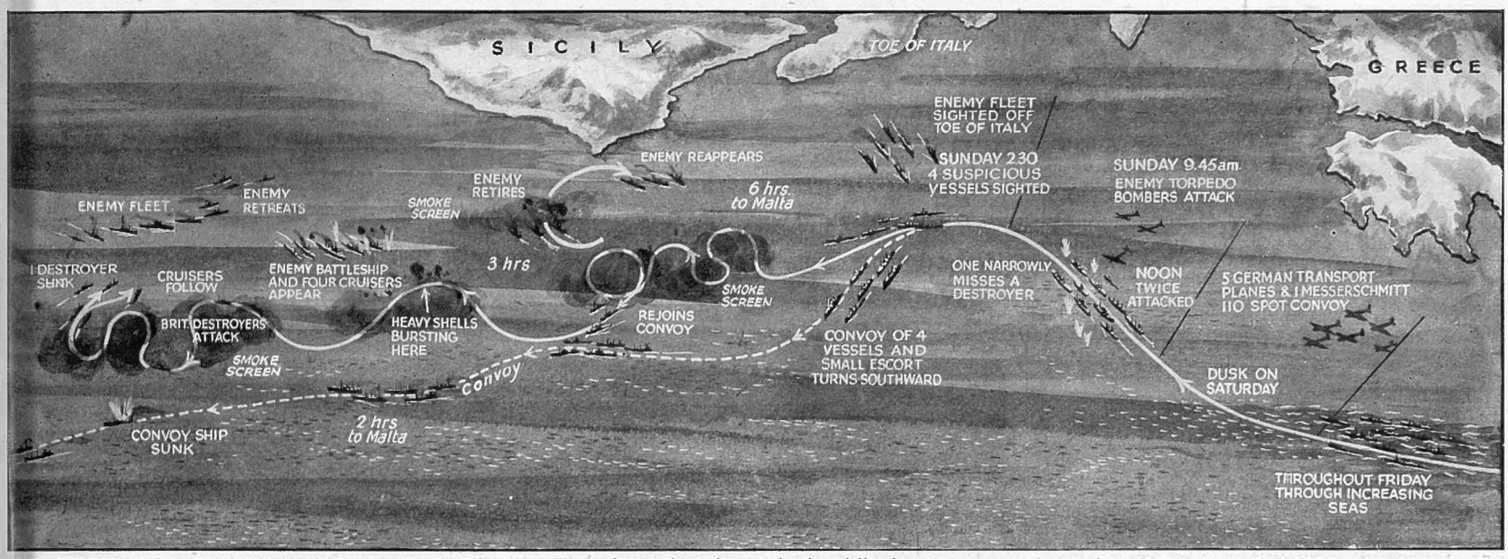
DURING THE ACTION A DISABLED DESTROYER WAS PROTECTED by a smoke screen thrown out by another British destroyer which rushed around her—*Drawing by R. W. Jobson*

When Admiral Vian ordered his warships to close in on the Italians with a torpedo attack, the destroyers led off with fast sorties from the smoke. One was quickly struck by a shell: immediately a companion destroyer threw a protective belt of smoke around her, fired her own torpedoes, and then dashed back into the smoke. One destroyer raced almost under the nose of the Italian battleship (see frontispiece of this issue) and came back to report that one torpedo had certainly hit



THE CENTRAL INCIDENT IN THE GREAT MEDITERRANEAN BATTLE: The strong Italian squadron, with three out of the six enemy cruisers involved in the actio battleship, is held up by the British smoke screen through which they dared not penetrate—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

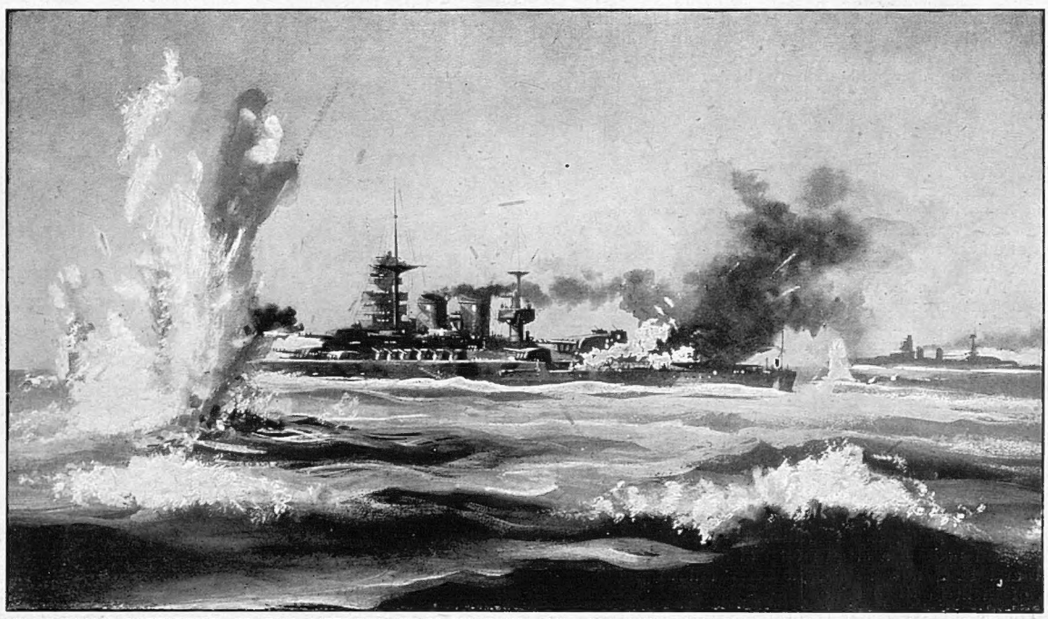
With little more than two hours to go before darkness closed in, the Italian Fleet evidently determined to press in on the Convoy. Three out of the six cruisers protected the huge Littorio class battleship and all four vessels came charging up to the smoke screen which Admiral Vian had laid down and behind which our destroyers lurked, ready for the enemy's break through. Up came the Italians to 15,000 yards, then to 10,000 yards, which for a battleship is almost point-blank range. As the British cruisers made a sortie from the smoke the enemy was at once seen—four big vessels, with the biggest one, the 35,000-ton Littorio class battleship—bearing straight down on the British Fleet. Instantly the Italian battlesh let loose a salvo of 15-in. shells which raised geysers as high as houses. We loosed off quick series of salvoes and then the British vessels ducked back into the smoke. The enem however, was apparently afraid to break through the smoke screen, fearing that, as he came near our destroyers would have plunged out with a score of torpedoes. And the destroyers



THE CONVOY STARTED FROM ALEXANDRIA ON MARCH 20: Throughout that day and the following it was undetected. At dusk on the 21st the Convoy was discovered, and the following morning the battle—by sea and by air—developed. This diagrammatic exposition shows what took place and how the enemy was finally forced off when the Convoy was but two hours' steaming off Malta—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

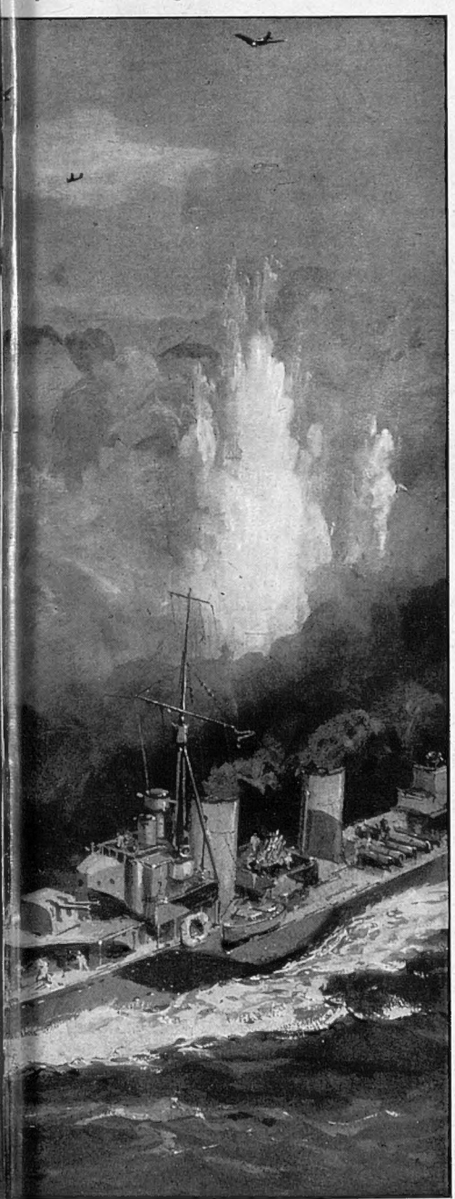
in intensity and it is estimated that about 150 bombers were being used.

The convoy was again heavily attacked from the air on Monday, March 23. During these series of attacks, one ship of the convoy was hit and subsequently sank, one destroyer was also hit, but she was able to reach harbour. The enemy renewed his air attack on the morning of Tuesday, March 24, but without inflicting any further damage.



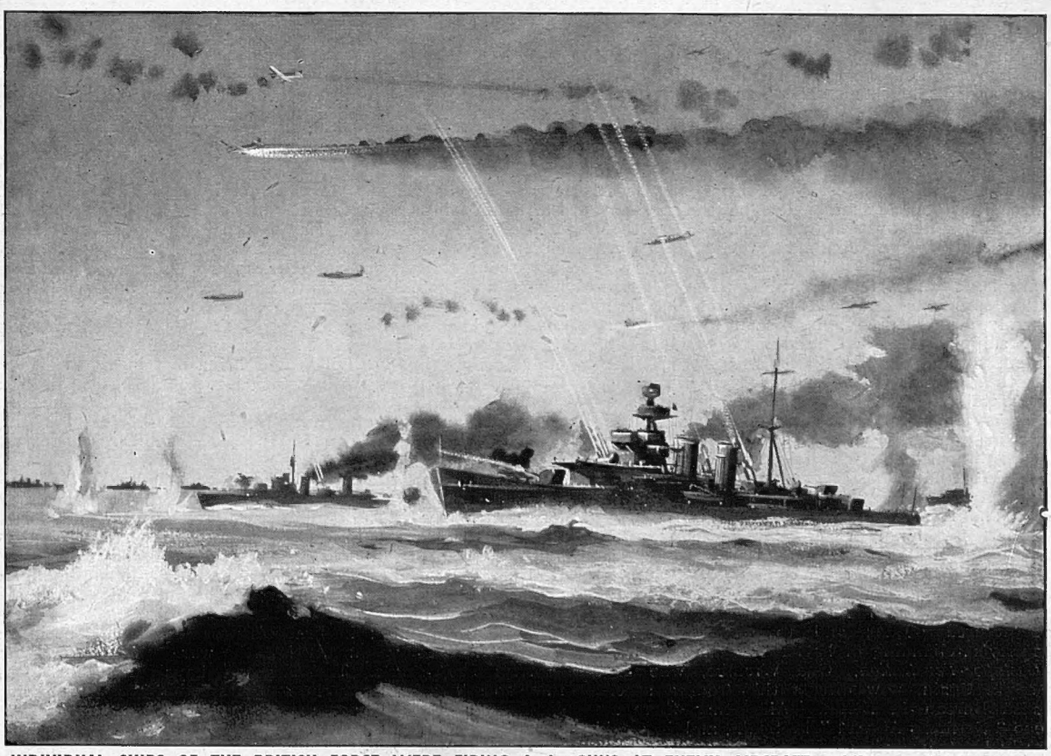
THE ITALIAN BATTLESHIP OF THE LITTORIO CLASS WAS HIT ON THE QUARTER-DECK and flames put her after guns out of action—*Drawing by R. W. Jobson*

This incident occurred during the moment depicted in the larger drawing on the left: one of our shells during the sortie from the smoke screen hit the enemy battleship, apparently holing her quarter-deck. Through this deck flames shot up close to the after-turret, preventing it from firing during the remainder of the engagement



grouped round the mighty 35,000-ton Italian

were already prepared to do exactly that and more! The picture by Mr. McDowell above shows the big Italian vessels on the left halted by the smoke screen with our own destroyers lying in wait to the rear, as the British cruisers dash through the screen and back again



INDIVIDUAL SHIPS OF THE BRITISH FORCE WERE FIRING A.-A. GUNS AT ENEMY AIRCRAFT, whilst at the same time engaged with Italian surface craft—*Drawing by R. W. Jobson*

The British vessels were not fighting surface vessels alone. Throughout the battle, as well as long beforehand, Axis dive-bombers had attacked the Convoy and escorting vessels incessantly. At times individual British ships were firing simultaneously both at the enemy battle fleet and at the diving bombers as the battle raged over a forty-mile westerly course

IN SPRINGTIME, SPAIN ATTRACTS the FÜHRER. . . .

Control of the Whole Atlantic Coast is Essential to Axis Victory, According to Hitler. What this Means to Spain, and the Preliminary Steps which Have Already Been Taken in the Peninsula, are Here Considered

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AS we stand waiting for the Nazis' third spring offensive, majority opinion selects as Hitler's most likely strategy, if he is left to his own devices, a two-pronged drive on either side of Turkey: to the Caucasus and through Asia Minor. Each previous spring Hitler produced both the expected (Low Countries 1940; Balkans 1941) and a surprise (Norway 1940; Rommel back at Sollum 1941). Should he now be preparing the mixture as before, the 1942 variety might consist of that expected two-pronged drive and, for surprise, Sunny Spain.

Hitler has stated that control of all the Atlantic coast of Europe and of North Africa is essential to Axis victory. Germans—no others—must have the controlling say at all ports from Bayonne to Dakar if the Anglo-Americans are to be kept out. This being universally regarded as the decisive year, how much longer will he delay taking action? Excuse he could easily find: that the Americans plan to land in Portugal or on the Cape Verde Islands, and that he must forestall such action in defence of the anti-Comintern Pact, to which Madrid adheres. What of the means?

Others may have been impressed by the opinion of an American diplomat on his recent departure from Germany: "Hitler will try something cheap and spectacular." I cannot discover anything that would be cheaper or more spectacular than a move through the Iberian Peninsula. Cheap because opposition there would quickly be almost indistinguishable from acquiescence; spectacular for several reasons. Neutralisation of Gibraltar would swell the Banzai-Heil chorus that the British Empire is at an end. More truly, it would queer an Anglo-American expedition into the Mediterranean. German presence in Spanish and Portuguese ports would notably sustain and project the U-boat war, in which respect let me resuscitate part of an address by the late General von Reichenau to the Berlin Military Academy in 1938: "The Spanish War can be viewed as a Staff College. But our presence is important for policy, too. We shall have to get at the enemy's commercial and sea routes, his means of transport and fixed and movable war potential. We must get *points d'appui* for direct action."

Again, a German swing south to Cadiz would promote that positive bridging to North-West Africa, which we need to remember is well and truly in Hitler's New Order. At the same time, Germany would consolidate her south-west flank against invasion, and she would clinch her domination of Spain, snatching up, in particular, the last war supplies going to the Allies from British Rio Tinto, and making a clean sweep of all copper, tin, lead and zinc, now so sought after following the loss of them in the Pacific.

That 's all very well (I hear it said), but can Germany do this kind of thing, with her commitments all over the place? There 's a limit even to Hitler's stretchings!

There is assuredly; yet the extraordinary hold the Nazis exercise over Spain (and the shadow of it over Portugal) presents Hitler with such an enticement to cash in while the chasing is good that this particular stretching could well commend itself above others being more freely canvassed. The nature of this hold which so draws Germany to Spain should repay examination under specific heads:

Industry and Commerce. German capital and German key personnel permeate each from top to bottom. The great majority of firms may have Spanish directors and shareholders, but the engineers, managers and the patents which alone allow them to function are predominantly German. Even before the Civil War such national essentials as chemicals, industrial equipment, aviation, pharmaceutical products and gas had become tied to Germany, who had further begun to acquire as many shipping, electricity and mining interests as astuteness could wheedle. To say, as has just been said, that Germany has succeeded in introducing her capital into only 900 of 4,800 limited companies is to give an incomplete account, as the figure in question ignores the magnitude of the concerns in which the Germans are established.

Dr. Wohlthat, Goering's economic second, would be one to smile at any writing-down of the Reich's hold. The Herr Doktor has been a lot in Spain to collect fat mining concessions and commercial facilities; to fasten on to such rarities as quicksilver (Almaden gives 51 per cent. of world output) and wolfram for hardening steel; to arrange the exchange of Spanish raw materials for German manufactured goods; and to give an eye to Germany's rebuilding of battered Spain.

Gestapo Penetration. One Wremke, who used to be in Spain, now directs this from a special Spanish Bureau in Berlin. Altogether there are 85,000 "Germans Abroad" in Spain, and it would scarcely be too much to say that every man and woman among them is observing and reporting for the Gestapo. Two extravagant Gestapo successes have been the innocently christened "Harbour Service" and "Aircraft Centre." Every German offshoot in Spain is connected in some way or another with shipping, so a "Harbour Service" was conjured to cover espionage. The "Aircraft Centre" concentrates on military spying, two stalwarts being the Lufthansa and Siemens-Schückert. The latter provided the Condor Legion with endless air photographs, duly turned to account in the Civil War.

Hold over the Armed Forces. The Army, which is richly provided for as Franco's pet, is considerably in the hands of German officers and experts for higher training and instruction. Organised in five zones, the latest zone fringes Gibraltar. All junior officers and a good many of the senior ones are pro-Nazi, though there is a cooler stratum in the High Command, with close access to the Caudillo, who persists in remembering that the sea war in the Atlantic and Mediterranean still means most to Spain.

THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE PRIME MINISTERS MEET IN SEVILLE: Recently the Portuguese Premier, Dr. Oliveira Salazar, travelled to Seville to meet General Franco, the Spanish Dictator. The interests of their two countries are, obviously, very closely linked, and doubtless they had a good deal to discuss! In this picture are Señor Suner, Spanish Foreign Minister (on left), General Franco and Dr. Salazar (in felt hat)

The Germans have a firm foothold in arms and equipment factories, also in technical schools. As for the Spanish Air Force, it is much beholden to the Lufthansa, which "advises" in regard to air lines and airfields and operates its own as and when it needs them. From Huelva and Cadiz Lufthansa flies services to the Canaries and Morocco. The Spanish Navy, consisting principally of half-a-dozen cruisers, a score of destroyers, and about thirty torpedo-boats, gunboats, minelayers and submarines, is being extended and overhauled, and more serviceable naval bases are coming along.

Franco Indebtedness. Whereas the debt to Italy for help in the Civil War is being met by a financial settlement with which Mussolini has got to be satisfied, the Germans don't want Spanish money, or oranges, or olive oil, but claim their due in warlike materials and in "political gestures." Even while the Civil War was still going on, the Germans took payment for the Condor Legion and for thousands of experts and technicians in the form of raw materials of military use, and to-day quantities of copper, iron ore and quicksilver are still being "paid" to the Reich. As for the political gestures, we have seen them in the dispatch of the Blue Division to Russia; in the Falange's shouted policy of linking with the New Order "at the right moment"; in Franco's pronouncement that the Allies have already lost the war.

Nazi Propaganda. The Germans have something to sell to Franco-Spain, and where dug in so comfortably they 're not going to relax. They play up the dream of Spanish Empire renewed, of glories and riches beyond the seas, and as Franco, backed by the vested industries, sees this Greater Spain as his only way out, Gustav Reder, local German propagandist boss, is sitting pretty—since who among the Free Allies has anything parallel to dangle before Spanish Fascists? And, of course, the British are in Gibraltar, kernel of the "cross," though what exact value the Rock will be to us or anyone else when the real air age arrives, as it will directly this war is over, is another matter.

A sort of lesser Abetz, Herr Lazard, boasts how little the Spanish Press cost to "fix," and as for the Spanish Radio, at times it can be more Nazi than Goebbels. Journalists, speakers, all are bought. A staff of over 200 at the German Embassy hovers and haunts, and many of the two or three thousand Germans at large in Madrid have a really "cushy" time presiding in German shops and cafés, which are booming.

Strategic Roads. I have left these to the last, though we may hear of them first. The Germans are very surely tied to Spain by the great system of *Rollbahnen* which the Todt Organisation (now run by Speer) is still building with copious Spanish slave-labour. These roads will be used *coûte-que-coûte*, if only for the vast effort and money put into them. They start chiefly from Irun, below Biarritz, and point in a westerly direction towards the Atlantic and the Portuguese frontier. But there is a continuation down to Cadiz, and it is a common saying that a Nazi mechanised army could roll through Spain in less than 72 hours.

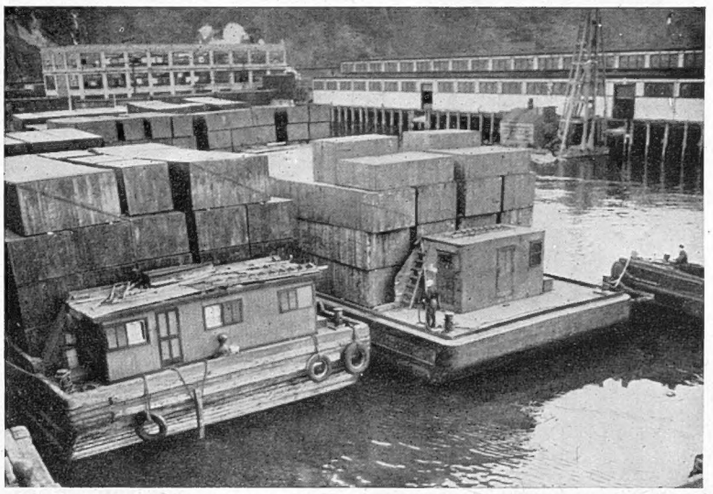
How often has one heard that Hitler will stay out of Spain if only because his troops would be faced by starvation, disease and an utter lack of fuel? The facts are that the Nazis have already got food and petrol dumps at key points. Spanish civilians might starve and drag themselves from pillar to post, but a Nazi host could cleave swiftly through to its destination, feeding and filling as it went, and not tarrying long enough to catch diseases.

Hitler's path would lie through a tragic land where passions smoulder and nought is settled, where, if the dead joined with the living, millions would execrate him; but such things hardly constitute a bar to military progress. With his food and his oil and his disinfectants he could spin along past the enduring havoc of farmsteads, olive plantations and orange groves, through a country whose roads are listless and where trains are rarities; through a weak, undermined, militarily familiar Spain, where there are not even hands to hoe in the fields nor oxen to draw such loads as are collected. For the dead, the fled and the imprisoned are said to number two million: Spain's lost manhood, most of whose kith and kin resume the struggle each morning with poverty, hunger and disease.

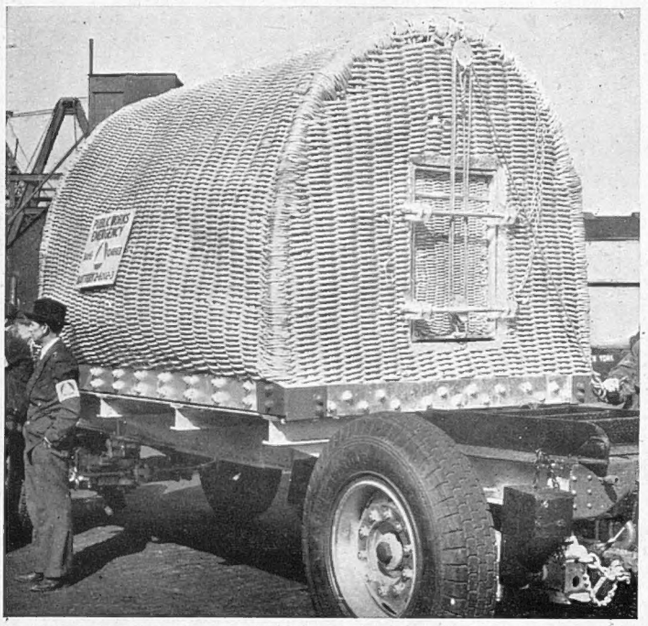
A rumbling beneath, as from afar—Hitler might be intuitive to that. A knowledge that the crucial priesthood is frightened of him, thanks to Vatican broadcasts; that the industrialists themselves are sour at the degree of German intrusion; and that all save the fanatics of the Falange Minority would prefer his room to his presence. But when you 've staked a claim like Hitler has in Spain, such things are trivialities. And he holds one seemingly *kolossal* trump. "If I fall, so do you." The Caudillo has to keep thinking that one over.

WAR PICTURES from the UNITED STATES

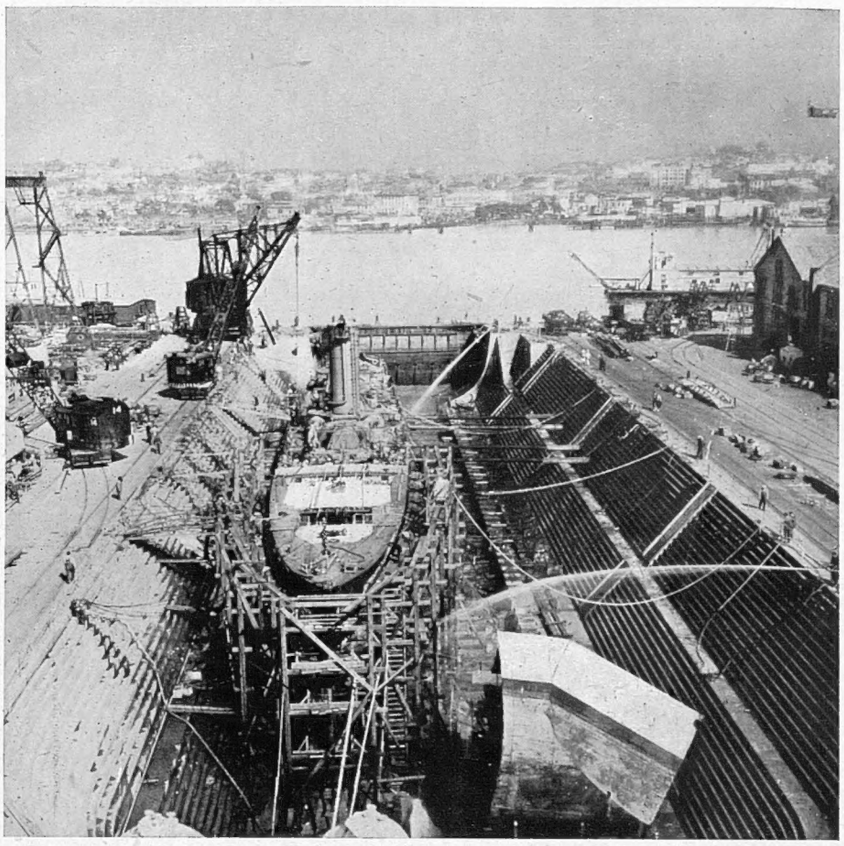
PLANES FOR DISTANT BATTLEFIELDS : A pier slip jammed with barges laden with war equipment and supplies. The aircraft were covered with snow when this picture was taken



BARGES FERRYING U.S. WAR SUPPLIES TO THE TRANSPORTS : Piled high with crates, these barges (in an unidentified U.S. port) are waiting to be towed to ships preparing to sail for the Allied war fronts



AN A.R.P. IDEA FROM NEW YORK CITY : This "container" for the conveyance of unexploded bombs is made out of steel cabling three-quarters of an inch thick. "The fact that it is free to air circulation makes it also safe against concussion," so it is stated



THE AMERICAN DESTROYER "SHAW" IS NOW READY FOR SEA AGAIN : With her new bow fitted at Mare Island, California, this vessel, damaged by the Japs at Pearl Harbour, is once again fighting fit. The temporary bow with which she made the passage from Hawaii is lying on the dock bottom on the right

RUBBER LIFE-RAFTS PILED HIGH FOR BOMBERS : A scene in an Akron rubber plant where collapsible rafts for American flying-boats are manufactured in large numbers

OLD AUTOMOBILES BECOME A SOURCE OF SCRAP FOR THE WAR PROGRAMME : Out-of-date motor-cars, such as these in a Norfolk, Virginia, yard, are an important source for the metal now needed for armament purposes

MALTA STILL DEFIES THE AXIS

Despite 1,700 Raids (in February alone there were 236) the Island is Still Confident and Unafraid

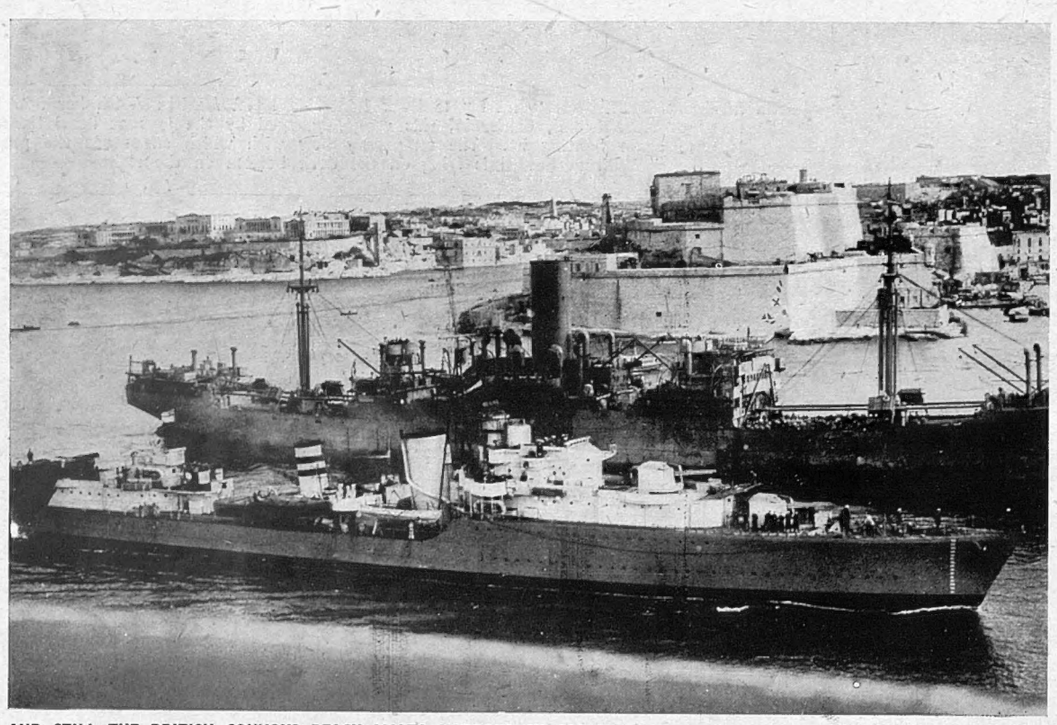
As soon as the "Alert" is over, business throughout the Island is quickly resumed. The Royal Naval Dockyard at Malta, is a main enemy target. Fortunately, there are deep and safe rock shelters; and casualties are few. The Dockyard workers only take cover when a Dockyard "Alert" is given; and as soon as the danger is over out they swarm again to carry on with their tasks

THE ALARM HAS BEEN SOUNDED: A workman descends by rope from a building on which he was working to take shelter

Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

A NIGHT SCENE OVER MALTA, where the anti-aircraft barrage is said to be the strongest in the world. It is also stated that the gunners have accounted for more enemy aircraft than fighter planes of the R.A.F.!

This amazing scene—typical of many which the Island has witnessed—occurred during a recent raid on Malta, at a time when the *Luftwaffe* was making non-stop efforts (day and night) to neutralise the aerodromes on the island from which the Libyan convoys are so successfully raided by the R.A.F. The particular attack illustrated here took place in moonlight: a Ju. 88 was shot down by a sergeant pilot into the sea; a little later the same pilot saw a Heinkel III, stalked it and damaged it, but then had to break off as his own aircraft was silhouetted against the brilliant moon! Other pilots were also successful in combat, and the fire from the land batteries—the strongest anti-aircraft concentration in the world, so it is said—was a wonderful spectacle. Despite 1,700 air attacks, Malta can still defy all that the *Luftwaffe* and the Italians combined can bring to bear against it!



AND STILL THE BRITISH CONVOYS REACH MALTA HARBOUR IN SAFETY! This picture was only recently taken by the Admiralty: it shows a destroyer (H.M.S. *Sikh*) escorting a merchant ship into the Grand Harbour at Valetta, despite the efforts by the Axis by sea and air in the Mediterranean to prevent their passage through the sea which Mussolini once claimed as his own! *Sikh* is one of the famous Tribal class of destroyers, whose work in this war has been unending

Italy's boastful confidence that she could overcome Malta in three or four days was quickly proved to be a bubble, and even the *Luftwaffe*, when they came to her assistance, in January last year, found they had under-estimated the strength of the tough little island. Then came Hitler's sudden attack upon Russia, and the *Luftwaffe* was recalled for work nearer home, and Italy was left alone to subdue the tiny island that lay such a stumbling-block on her passage to Tripoli.

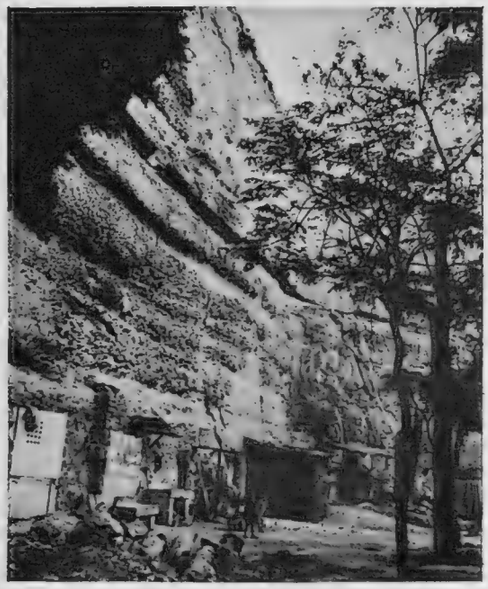
Italy made one great and daring effort to enter the Grand Harbour of Malta on July 26, when she sent some of her fast E-boats, acting as cover for small torpedo-carrying craft. A British convoy had sought refuge in the harbour after a harassing attack, and the enemy was seeking to catch them there. None of the torpedo-carrying craft reached the harbour, eight being blown up, while the British fighters pursued the E-boats trying to get away. Italian bombers which had come to give support to the naval attack met with similar severe treatment, and it is thought that none returned home to tell the story.

But Malta, or "Old Nick's Island," as the enemy airmen call it, is too eagerly desired by the Axis powers to be left alone. It lies across the narrow waist of the Mediterranean, and is an ever-present hindrance to the supply vessels *en route* for Tripoli. Yet at one time some naval authorities considered the air power of Italy so strong that it would not be possible to hold it!

How has it been possible for this small island to withstand the constant attacks from an enemy only twenty minutes of flying time away? Four main factors have contributed to the heroic defence, all of them being necessary for success, for the failure of one would have probably crippled the others. The spirit of the people; the anti-aircraft defence; the Air Force; and the Governor have combined together to keep the Union Jack flying. In spite of continued and persistent raids—1,700 since the siege began—the people of Malta have remained firm in their resistance, ready to bear loss of property, and of life itself, rather than surrender their liberties. As for the anti-aircraft defence, it has

ONE OF THE REASONS FOR MALTA'S HEROIC RESISTANCE : The great underground rock galleries where thousands can shelter. These are used at nights as alternative sleeping quarters, the Maltese emerging each morning to carry on their daily tasks—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

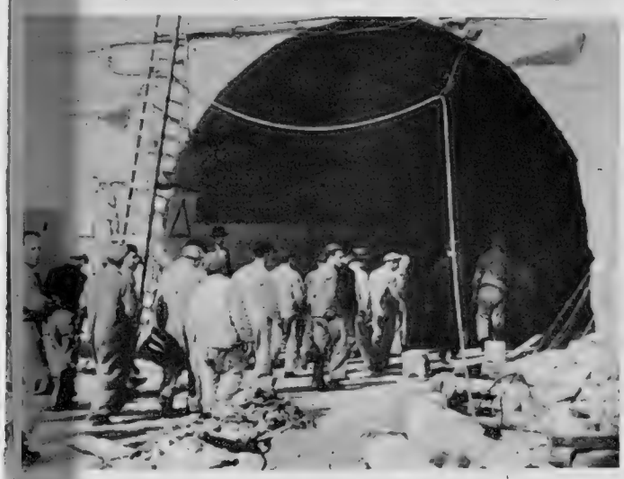
IMPERTURBABLE, like his London prototype, a dockyard policeman gazes skyward in an endeavour to spot the raiders



THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE DEEP ROCK-HEWN SHELTERS where the Maltese shelter against night attacks. These shelters, dug deep into the workable island rock, are the strongest in Europe

put up a barrage at the first appearance of the enemy, the whole island spouting fire—a most impressive sight and tremendously effective. As far as can be judged without full figures, the A.-A. guns have accounted for almost more enemy planes than the fighting aircraft. The Malta barrage is said to be almost the finest in the world.

One great advantage Malta has over other besieged places is the number of splendid shelters cut into the solid limestone rock. Some were all ready-made, having been tunnelled in the time of the Knights for



DOCKYARD WORKERS ENTERING ONE OF THE DEEP SHELTERS

the storing of corn. One of these tunnels could house 3,000 people. They are also used for storing food safe from any enemy attack.

Life in Malta goes on in spite of the persistent attention of the enemy, and one writer recently stated that the Maltese do not want people here to get any exaggerated ideas of what they are having to put up with. A time may come when something really serious happens, and if too much is said now, what will be left then? The food supplies, though lacking certain things, are ample. The island is fertile, producing potatoes and tomatoes in abundance, oranges and lemons are fairly plentiful, and the bread and goat's milk on which the Maltese chiefly live are to be obtained in sufficiency.

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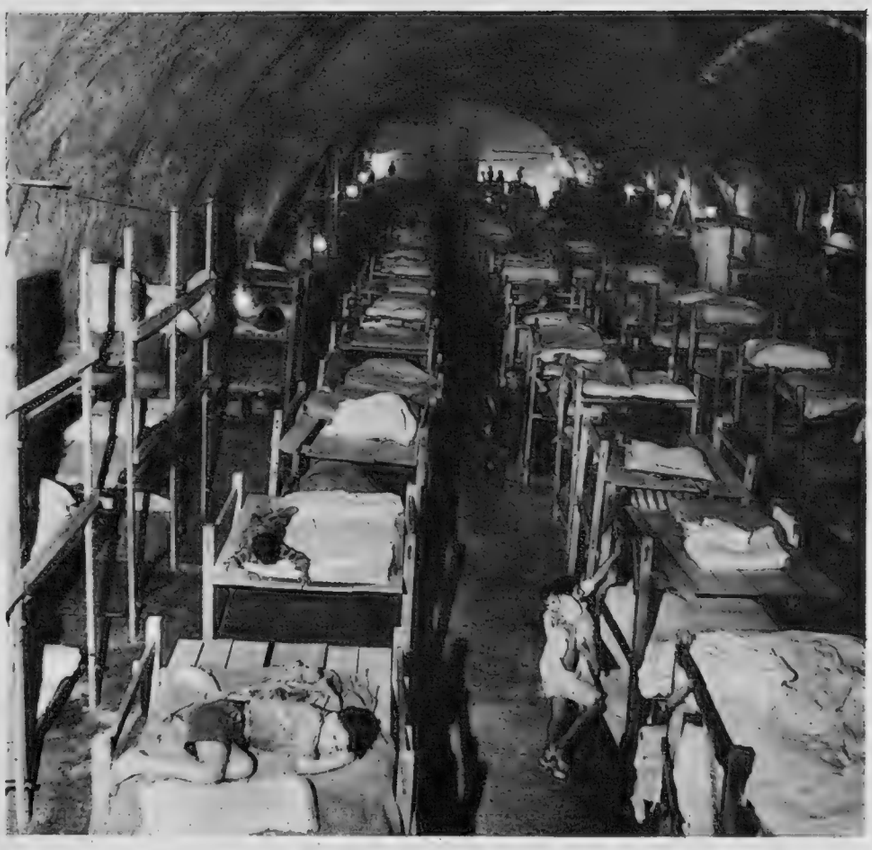


THERE ARE THIRTY OF THESE LONG UNDERGROUND GALLERIES NOW IN USE AS SHELTERS. They are of great antiquity, dating back to the time of the Knights of Malta : properly equipped with wooden bunks, these galleries can shelter thousands of citizens in comfort

b

WHAT A PATROL IN NORTHERN WATERS MEANS FOR THE CREW. This picture was taken on board a British warship during a routine patrol in the North. Everything on board—decks, bridge, guns, etc.—wears a thick coating of ice

WAR MATERIALS REACH RUSSIA

By the Far Northern Waters which Have Been Kept Open this Winter for the British Convoys

Below—**ARCHANGEL IN WINTER: Allied cargoes for Russia being delivered to schedule on the frozen quaysides of the great northern port**—*Drawing by F. D. Blake*

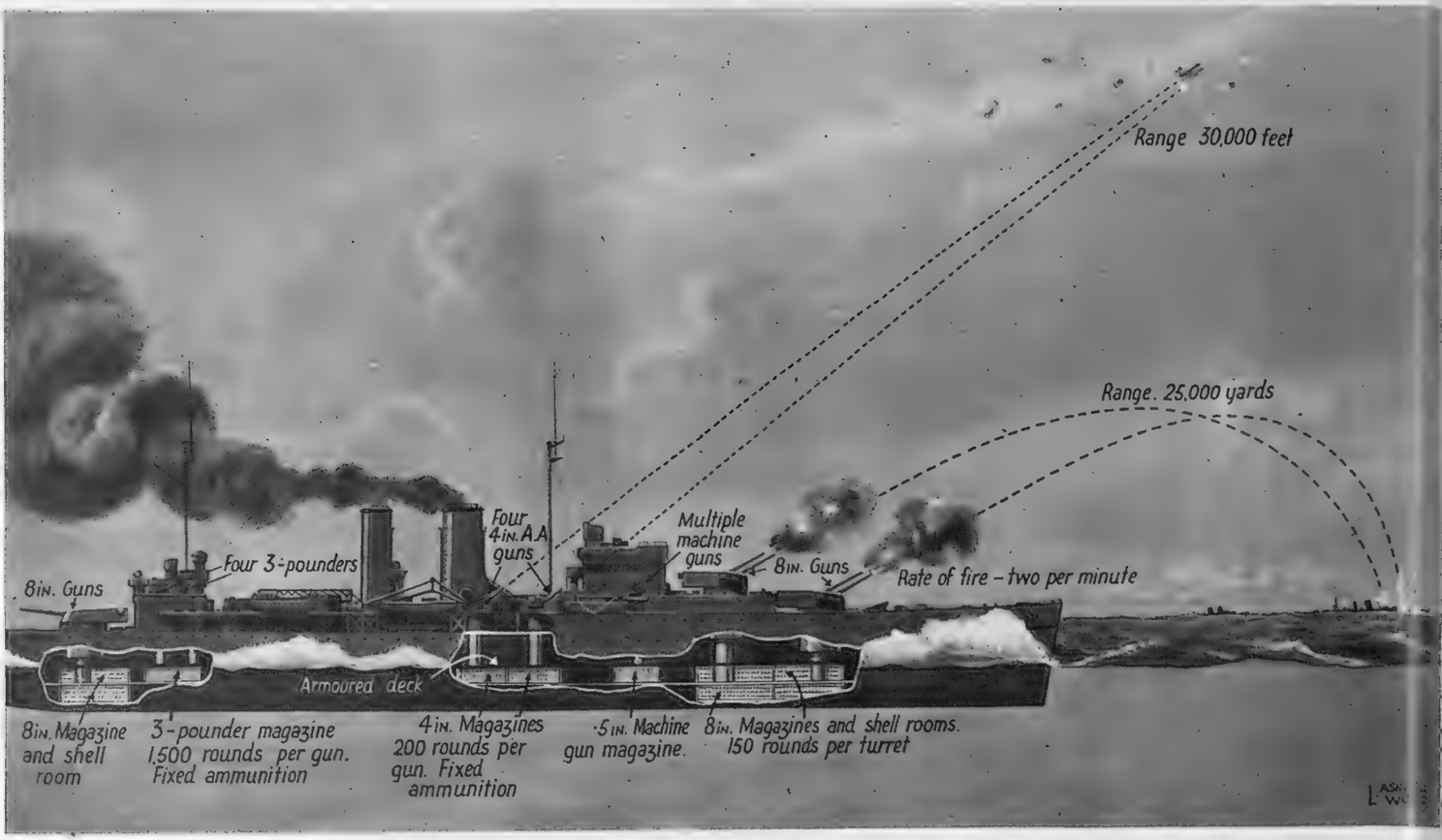
Normally, Archangel would be frozen over for many months of winter: but the need to get supplies to Russia by the quickest means has led to the employment of giant ice-breakers to keep the waterways free. The port is actually some 25 miles from the sea, although the mouth of the Dvina River is here so vast that one might well mistake the river for the ocean. Since the accession to power of the Bolshevists, Archangel has been greatly developed, and many modern installations have been made there

SUPPLIES FOR RUSSIA: SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC, THE MERCHANT VESSELS, UNDER BRITISH NAVAL ESCORT, HAVE ARRIVED SAFELY AT THEIR DESTINATION. The destroyer in the forefront of the picture is of the Greyhound class; the vessel at the right is a Russian tug; the merchantmen are in the background picking up their moorings. All about is the ice which has previously been attacked by the Soviet ice-breakers
—Drawing by Montague Dawson

"We have fulfilled up to 100 per cent. all our ordnance obligations to Russia. All the tanks, tank guns, anti-tank guns and wireless equipment we promised have gone from our depots in the minimum time and we have never missed a boat." This declaration was made a few days ago by Major-General R. M. Weeks, Director-General of Army Equipment. That this big task has been achieved so successfully is due in large part to the Royal Navy: much of the material sent to Russia has gone by way of the northern ports. To the considerable surprise of the Nazis, the Russians have found means of keeping some of these free of ice even during the depths of the Russian winter: the employment of the biggest type of ice-breaker, and the numbers of them now being operated by the Soviet must have been a severe blow to the enemy! The picture by Mr. Dawson above shows the scene at a Russian port as yet another convoy of merchantmen from Britain reaches its destination in safety. The fine British destroyer in the foreground is of the Greyhound class (which, incidentally, is almost indistinguishable from the Hero class: there are four of the former and ten of the latter). These vessels are of 1,340 tons displacement and have a complement of 145

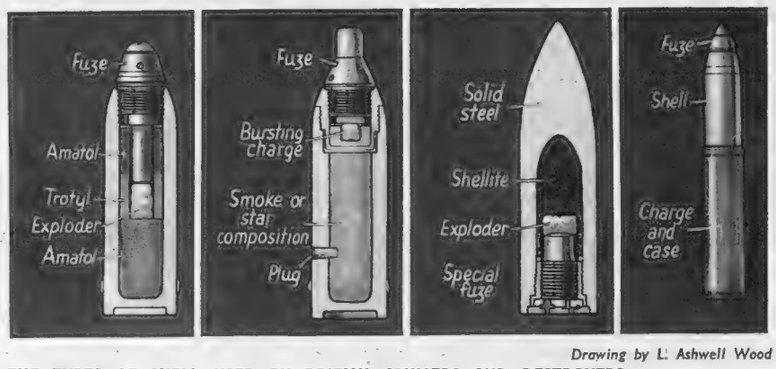
On right—**WINTRY WEATHER FOR THE OCEAN PATROLS IN NORTHERN WATERS**
—Drawing by Wm. McDowell

What the weather means to the men of the Royal Navy is well brought out in this drawing. The British submarine has returned to her home port after a winter patrol: she is sheathed in ice and snow, brought in from the Far North. A passing aircraft looks her over from above, whilst a launch puts out from the harbour to greet the weary crew, learn their news, and welcome them back



THE ARMAMENT OF A TYPICAL BRITISH CRUISER AND THE AMMUNITION SHE CARRIES: H.M.S. "Exeter," of 8,390 tons, which was lost in the Battle of the Java Sea fighting heroically against heavy odds. She was laid down in August 1928 at Devonport and completed in May 1931: her complement was 600—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

In the *Exeter* the 8-in. guns were machine worked, as the shells fired by this type weigh 256 lb. without the charge. The 6-in. guns of the Royal Navy are the largest which can be worked by hand, the shell weighing just 100 lb. and the separate charge another 28 lb. Below the 4·7-in. guns, the ammunition is "fixed"—that is, shell and charge are fitted together, the charge being in a brass case. All the guns carried aboard a cruiser could not be fired continuously until the ammunition is expended, as this would ruin the guns, apart from the fact that the latter would become too hot. Even were the ammunition to be fired continuously, however, but a few hours would exhaust the supply carried!



Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

THE TYPES OF SHELL USED BY BRITISH CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS: A high-explosive shell is shown on the left: this bursts on contact. The shell of an 8-in. gun weighs 256 lb. The second sectioned drawing shows the composition of a smoke-, star- or incendiary-shell: the filling varies for the various types. In this case, the shell explodes according to its fuse-setting. The third drawing shows how an armour-piercing shell is made up, with a special fuse. On the right is a specimen of "fixed" ammunition: all guns of 4·7-in. calibre and below use this type, with shell and charge fitted together

FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS AT SEA

The Vessels of the "Little Fleet"; and Why the Navy Feel that Losses are Often Worth While

By ARTHUR BARRETT

THE public always feels the loss of a warship keenly. The Navy, while proud and grateful for this popular sentiment, takes a more practical view of the matter. Warships are built to be risked, and the loss of a ship is no disgrace.

Not all navies share this view. The old German Navy was overshadowed by Army influences, which viewed the loss of a ship in battle as a general views the capture of his guns—almost a crime. The new Nazi Navy has not yet won free from the same theory, while with the Italian Fleet avoiding action has become an ingrained habit—all because of rigid instructions against risking ships.

What is, in fact, gained by fighting against odds? In the first place, a kind of moral ascendancy which is half the battle. It is a fact that the Italians could marshal a Mediterranean fleet superior in weight and numbers to our own. In practice they have been repeatedly defeated by inferior forces. On the night of December 13, 1941, a force of one Dutch and three British destroyers encountered two Italian cruisers, a torpedo-boat and an E-boat. The Allied force attacked immediately, hitting both cruisers with their opening shots. Within, probably, less than half an hour, one cruiser and the E-boat had been sunk, while both the other cruiser and the torpedo-boat were so seriously damaged as to count as "probables." Admittedly, the odds, all things considered, were not heavily against us, but the deciding factor was undoubtedly greater experience of night fighting and greater pugnacity on the part of our men.

Superiority at sea may, in fact, be of various kinds. It may be superiority in numbers, as in the case of the *Graf Spee* fight, and the action mentioned above; it may be superiority both in numbers and in weight, as when the *Bismarck* was sunk; in an equal fight superior experience and morale may turn the scale. But decisive superiority in one or more of the above respects there must be before victory in a naval battle can be expected. Up to now, we have usually had to rely on superior experience to compensate for inferior weight and numbers, hence our preference for night actions. At night gunnery accuracy at a real distance becomes impossible. The action is bound to be fought at very close range, from a quarter of a mile or so up to three or four miles at the most. The trick is to close your opponent without being detected and then to open fire at the maximum range with every available weapon, torpedoes included. Rapidity of fire and manœuvre then count more than sheer weight of metal. A good modern destroyer, with two mounted 4·7-in. guns, could achieve a rate of fire of about fifteen rounds per minute per gun in battle. An 8-in. gun cannot be man-handled, and requires shell-hoisting gear. The rate of fire of an 8-in.-gun cruiser is thus far less than that of the destroyer, while the extra weight is not likely to be decisive

ONE VERY IMPORTANT FACTOR WHEN FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS AT SEA IS THE SMOKE-SCREEN: behind this a numerically smaller force can operate with great impunity. Destroyers, travelling at a good speed, can lay a thick screen in a very short space of time

ıe time before the destroyer, with its ıperior speed, will have done its work ith shell and torpedo and vanished ıto the darkness. A 6-in.-gun cruiser, ıch as *Ajax* or *Achilles*, is little inferior the destroyer in this respect.

Of course, a night action implies ıe ability to pick and choose whether o give fight or not, and this may not lways be the case. A commander of light naval force may be protecting convoy, and he will then have no ption but to give battle to all comers t all times, even if his opponent is a attle-cruiser and the time broad noon. he *Jervis Bay*, for example, stood not ıe remotest chance of surviving attack y a German pocket battleship. But er sacrifice undoubtedly saved most of ıe merchant ships in her care.

The recent Java battle is at the ıoment too scantily described to bear ıuch comment. Five Allied cruisers nd six destroyers encountered a larger, ut unknown number of Japanese ruisers and thirteen destroyers. All he Allied vessels were eventually lost; he enemy is thought to have lost eight hips, of which three were possibly ruisers. The considerable enemy uperiority in destroyers probably turned he scale here, yet the main action ppears to have gone off well enough or the Allies. We sustained practically ll our losses on the night of March 1, hen our ships had apparently separated, fter which each of them alone encoun- ered superior forces. There is also eason to believe that torpedoes rather han gunfire were responsible for most f the sinkings, and this again points o further destroyer reinforcements for he enemy.

At present, in the Pacific, we are he weaker naval power. Our sea war here will have to be a war of attrition, herefore, giving battle only when we hoose—a hit-and-run affair in which ood modern destroyers and fast light ruisers are wanted, and many of them, ather than heavier and fewer ships. Tribal class destroyers and fast 6-in.- un cruisers are what are wanted.

To some extent, the tables have lready turned in the Pacific. The epth of the Japanese southward drive ill impose a great deal of non-aggres- ive routine work on their Navy. There re long supply and convoy routes to rotect, many garrisons to guard. Our own problem has been simplified and oncentrated.

JAPANESE TACTICS IN THE JAVA BATTLE: Flares dropped by aircraft to light up the ships of the Allied Fleet. Despite the brilliant moonlight during the battle, the enemy augmented the visibility by dropping flares over the Allied vessels taking part. This they were able to do with impunity, and throughout the actions they made full use of aeroplanes for spotting, bombing and ranging—*Drawing by R. W. Jobson*

HOW AN ACTION AT SEA IS FOUGHT OUT AT NIGHT with the aid of flares fired from the 4-inch guns of the cruisers—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

In the Battle of the Java Sea, the main actions of which were fought out at night, brilliant moonshine favoured the enemy: nevertheless, they were further aided by flares dropped from some of their supporting aircraft and by star-shells fired from the guns of their ships. The latter are generally fired from the 4-inch guns on a cruiser, the object being to light up the enemy ships for the benefit of the spotters for the bigger guns. The correct range for one or more enemy ships is just behind and above the nearest one—this ship being thrown in relief, whilst those beyond are completely lighted up. For this purpose, a fuse-setting determined beforehand is used on the star-shells

The JAPANESE THREAT to the AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT

ALLIED PLANES WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE USED IN THE DEFENCE OF AUSTRALIA : A diagrammatic drawing which demonstrates the range of different types and how they could be used for offensive purposes and for patrol—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

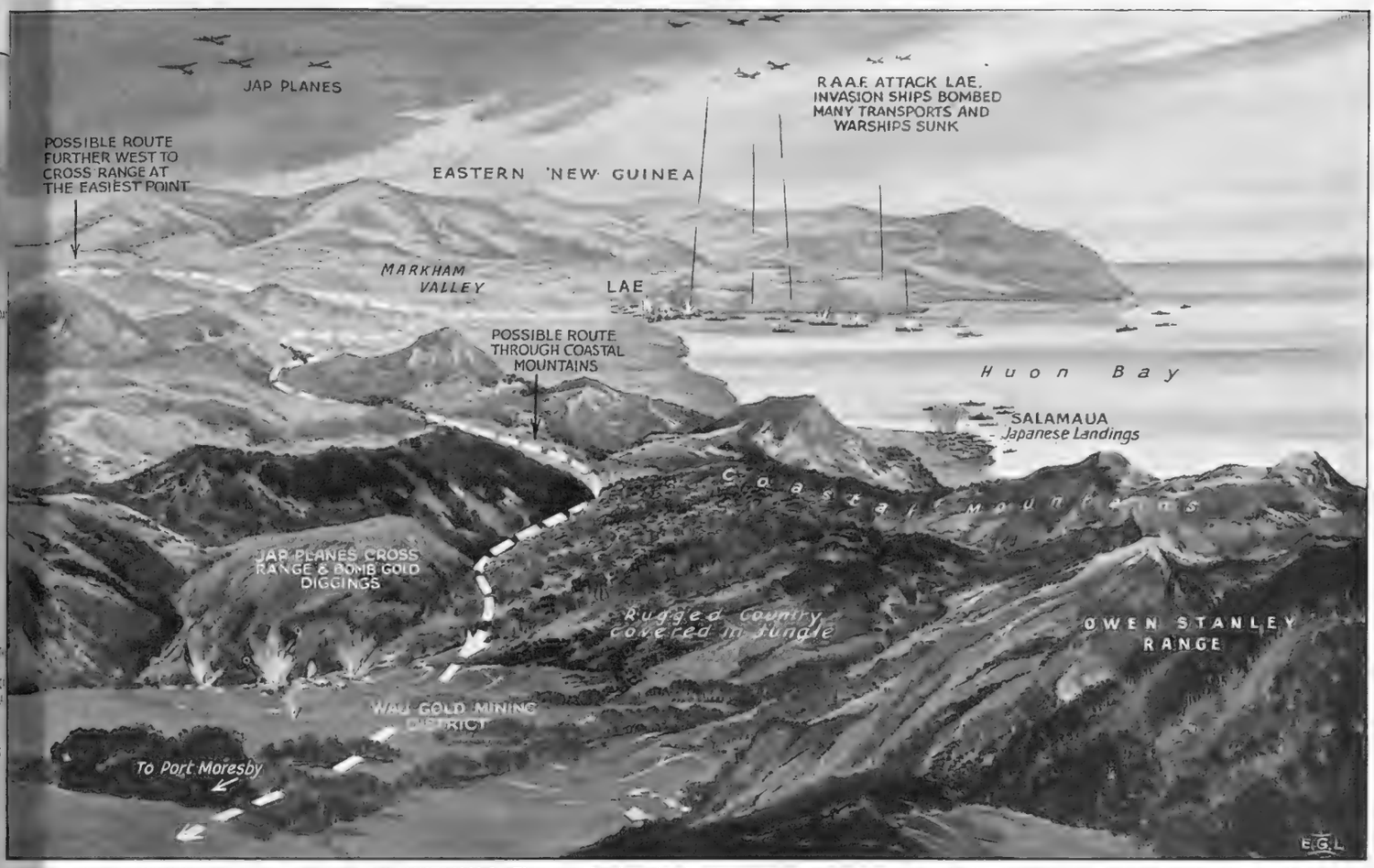
In the South-West Pacific the Japanese enjoy the use of a number of bases from which their aircraft can operate against Australia. But the Allies have a number of aeroplanes of various types which can be used to strike back—and strike hard. It is thought that some of the Jap fighters are operating from aircraft-carriers ; and most of the heavier bombers are probably working from bases in New Guinea and elsewhere. Against these the American-built Tomahawks could operate from Cape York against the New Guinea forces of the Japs : these planes have a range of over 1,000 miles, and should the enemy reach the lower parts of New Guinea they would then come within striking distance of the Tomahawks. The well-tried Hurricane fighter has a smaller range, of about 800 miles. Amongst the bombers, Blenheims from the neighbourhood of Darwin could do the return trip to Amboina, and even farther, with ease ; the big Flying Fortresses could reach out much farther—to the Celebes and Borneo—as they can cruise for 3,000 miles with a bomb load of four tons. The Consolidated flying-boat could go even farther than the Fortresses—these have a range of over 5,000 miles with seven tons of bombs ! A careful study of the above drawing will show other possibilities of the air war around Australia

THE THREAT TO AUSTRALIA—A key map which shows the strategic proximity of New Guinea to Australia : From Port Moresby, in New Guinea, to Cape York, at the far northern tip of Australia, the distance is 350 miles. Hence the great strategic importance to the Japs of the big island of New Guinea. With land, air and sea bases firmly established on the island, the enemy's task is so much easier. It is for this reason that Australian and American aircraft have been concentrating so heavily on bombing the vessels of the Japanese Fleet in and around New Guinea. So heavy has been the attack on the would-be invaders that the Japanese are now reported to be advancing across the island by land, instead of bringing their invasion vessels round from Lae to Port Moresby by sea. New Britain and the Solomons are already held in large part by the Japs, and from here additional threats to the Australian continent may be developed

Drawing by Percy H

THE PROLONGED JAPANESE ATTACKS ON PORT MORESBY, administrative headquarters in Papua : This has been bombed by the Japs and is now the objective of a land attack across the mount

Port Moresby lies on a headland terminating in a wooded hill which projects from the southern shore of the province of Papua. The European section of the town lies in the hollow to the west of the terminal hill : the native quarter and the aerodrome lie slightly inland and to the west. To the east lies the Astrolabe range of lesser hills near the southern shore. Behind the port is flat ground through which flow the Brown and Laloki Rivers. The whole country is covered with tropical bush and forest growth, with rare spaces of ... ground. Separating Port Moresby from Lae and Salamaua the towering Owen Stanley range, a southern bastion of ... is Mount Victoria, which rises to 12,000 ft., backed by ... Albert Edward, which is a few feet higher. During ... the port was heavily and consistently bombarded by Japa... planes, whilst land forces were reported to be on the ... across the heavy mountainous country to the north...



IS THIS THE PRELIMINARY TO AN ATTEMPT ON AUSTRALIA? The attacks by the Japanese on Lae, Salamaua and the goldfield districts of New Guinea, with the approach over the mountains to the south coast of the Island—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

For their approach to Australia, it would appear as if the enemy intended to make Lae and Salamaua (see key map on preceding page) their principal bases; and there was ample evidence that they intended to advance further southwards by sea. This latter idea was, however, held up by the R.A.A.F., who so heavily bombed the invasion ships in Lae Harbour that an advance by land was begun across the very difficult country which forms the backbone of the island of New Guinea and which separates Lae on the north from Port Moresby on the south. In fact, in their advance towards the Australian continent, it would appear as if the Japs have come up against their greatest obstacle yet in the Pacific war

COULD NEW ZEALAND BE INVADED?

Some Questions Answered by a Pacific Authority

IS there really any threat to New Zealand at the moment? Such a threat may seem incredible, with the distances involved, and Japan's commitments elsewhere, but Japanese Imperial Headquarters themselves said the other day that one of their fleets was steaming "in the direction of New Zealand." Perhaps that was a kite, but—perhaps not.

Possibly. So you think the Japs might feel strong enough to take on the East Indies, Australia and New Zealand at once? I did not say that. But hasn't it ever occurred to you that the Japanese occupation of the Bismarck Archipelago, particularly of the Solomon Islands, aims at New Zealand just as much as Australia, if not more?

You had better explain that. Very well. Turn to the map. Once in the Solomons the Japs can make a further short jump to the New Hebrides and New Caledonia (Free French, but weak), then it is only 900 miles to New Zealand.

But surely we could stop that? Well, three months ago there would have been no doubt about it. But can we be certain to-day?

But surely Australia and New Zealand have their own Naval and Air Forces? Yes; last time we could get at the figures Australia had about six cruisers, a flotilla leader, five destroyers and two escort vessels; New Zealand had two cruisers and some small craft. Australia had a few thousand operational aircraft and New Zealand a few hundred.

In that case these Dominions should be able to halt the Japanese drive themselves. I wonder. I said *cruisers*, you know, and the Japanese might bring battleships as well as those formidable aircraft-carriers. Besides, those Dominions ships have been spread all over the world and might not be ready in the one place at the same time.

But Australia and New Zealand would have air superiority? Possibly Australia might. But (1) she might need her own aircraft for the direct defence of her own localities; and (2) few of them might be suitable for flying 900 miles out to sea, taking on fighters from the Jap aircraft-carriers, bombing the Japanese warships effectively, and then flying the 900 miles back.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH ISLANDS WHICH COMPRISE THE DOMINION OF NEW ZEALAND—*A Special Sphere Map*

Well, supposing the enemy reached New Zealand, wouldn't he be up against it then? The New Zealanders would certainly fight hard. But consider these figures. Ten Jap transports could bring 10,000 men with heavy equipment such as tanks; three Jap aircraft-carriers could bring about 300 planes. And that would only be a small fleet.

But surely New Zealand could muster more than that in reply? New Zealand is a country the size of the British Isles, divided into two main islands with the configuration of Scotland and Norway and about the same kind of communications. The population is only 1,500,000. Just before the war New Zealand's army was only 16,000 partly-trained men, and she had just bought thirty modern aircraft from Britain to add to a few score old planes.

That was before *the war.* It was. Since then the effectives, real effectives, may have been quadrupled. But the best men were sent to the Middle East, and recruiting has been slow. It is possible, though I don't dogmatise, that New Zealand might find it exceedingly difficult to oppose a large invading force of men and planes at any given point with adequate defenders. I shall not say more. But I have given my opinion, and I have been watching and writing about New Zealand's vulnerability for years. And I have watched the Malayan campaign.

Do you think there is any comparison? Not really, because New Zealand, like Australia, has put most of her faith in Singapore. She contributed £1,000,000 to the cost of the base, as much as her total defence expenditure in an average pre-war year. New Zealand's real defences *are* in Malaya. Her Defence Minister stated categorically before the war that New Zealand need fear little more than sporadic raids in the event of hostilities.

Good heavens! It all sounds very gloomy. So New Zealand is as good as lost? Now, please don't jump to conclusions. I did not say that. I have merely been stating what I believe are the facts, in order to wake you up and make you realise that it is worth while sending reinforcements to the Pacific quickly.

Yes, we know that. But what is your candid opinion? Do you think New Zealand will be invaded? Frankly, I do not. And the reason is that New Zealand, for all her comparative wealth, has little that the Japanese want, not even strategic position. The only result from the Jap viewpoint would be to cut off more of our food and to extend very protracted lines of communication.

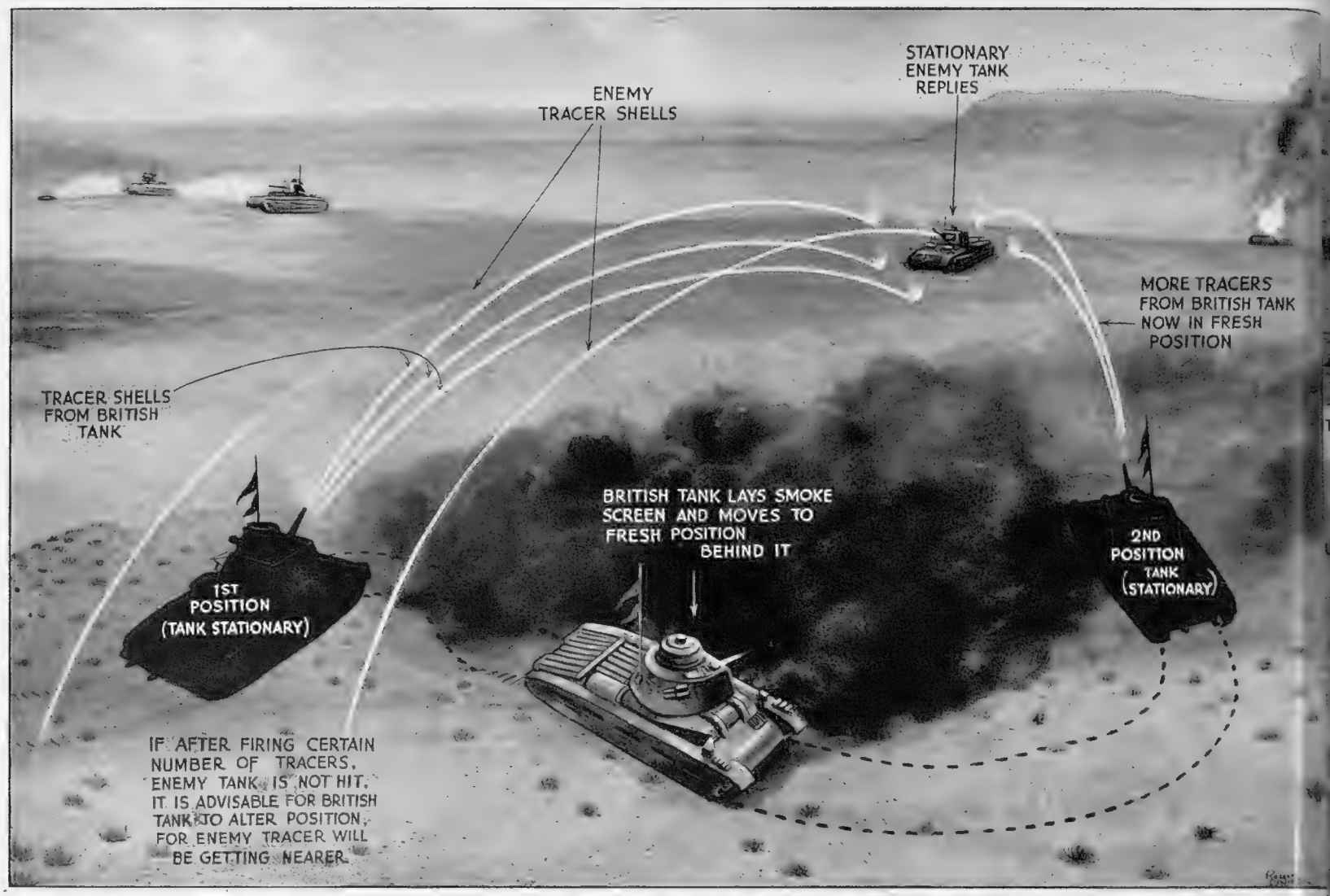
Well, that's a relief, anyway. Not half so much as it will be to the New Zealanders. But remember, it's only an opinion. Everything depends, undoubtedly, on our ability (or the American ability) to force the Japanese Navy back where it belongs. If, by a terrible chance, the Japs beat off all comers and retain naval mastery of the Pacific for a considerable period, then New Zealand might well become what she has always been potentially—the most vulnerable of the British Dominions.

D. C.

SMOKE-SCREENS in TANK WARFARE

The Land Forces in Libya Draw on Naval Tactics for their Operations in the Desert

—Drawings by Roland Davies



TACTICS DURING A DESERT ENCOUNTER BETWEEN RIVAL TANKS: Showing how a smoke-screen is put up to conceal the movements of the British vehicle in the foreground

This picture well illustrates the tactics now being employed in land fighting, where smoke-screens have been introduced to conceal vital manœuvres. The British tank on the ridge on the left has engaged the enemy in the middle distance; it has opened fire first and has used tracer shells to assist in getting the enemy within range. If a hit is not scored very soon, however, the attacker will become—in its turn—a good target: therefore, the British tank very soon throws out a smoke-screen. Behind this it moves (as in the centre foreground) to a new position on the right; and from here it then reopens the battle whilst the enemy is still in confusion. A recent account, contained in a letter from a British officer serving with the Armoured Forces, describes the two such scenes depicted by Mr. Ro... Davies here in the following terms: "I have been careless and w... too long in one place. . . . We fire a smoke-screen and ch... position behind it. Then we engage another tank. . . . I g... sideways to make sure of my position; and while I do so see on... our own tanks give off a spurt of smoke and flame. Some fi... stagger out, fall, rise and stagger on. The tanks on either side... a smoke-screen while a third picks up the survivors and races to... rear with them. . . ."

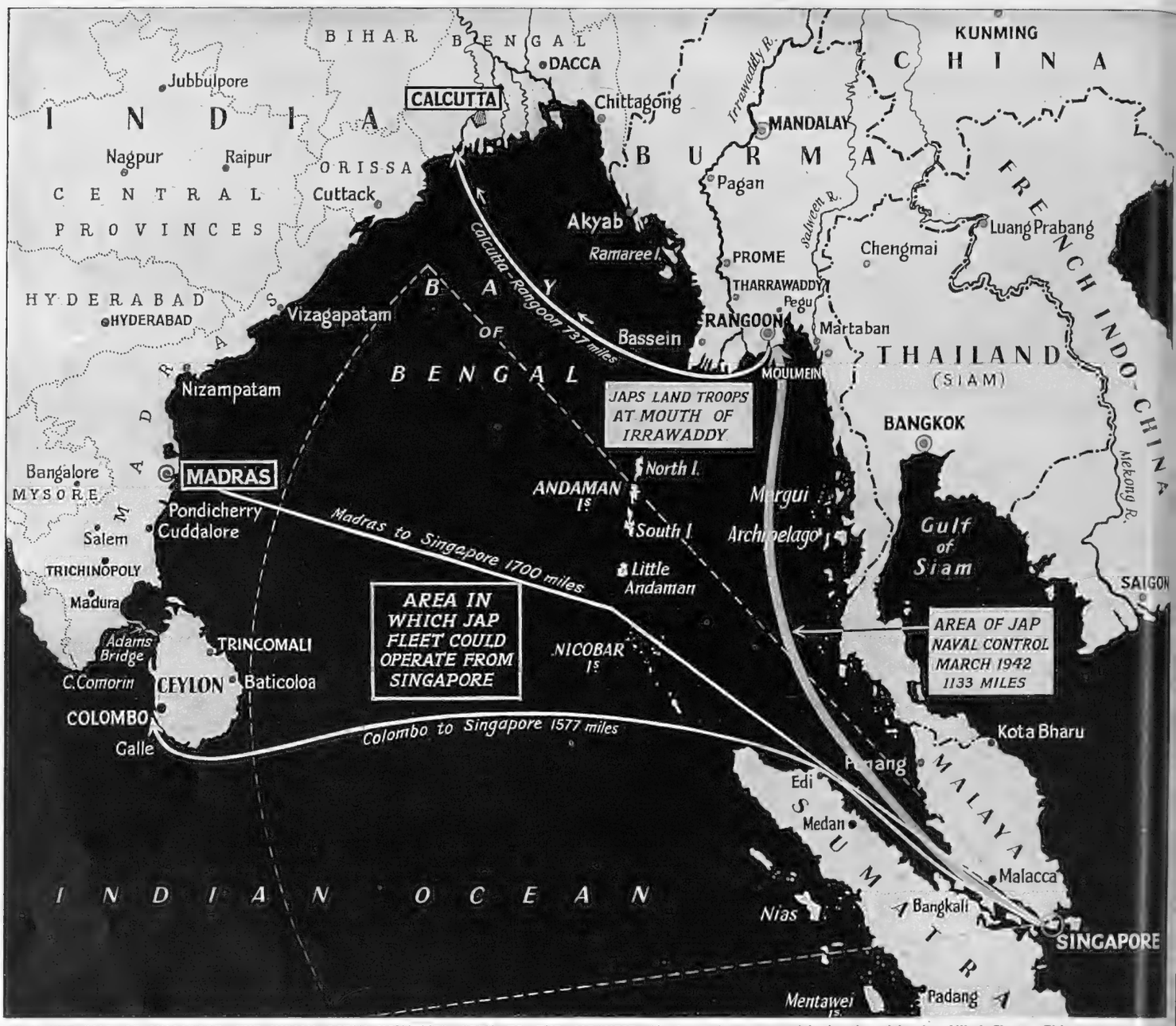
TANK CREWS ARE EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE TANKS: During battle every effort is made to rescue crews of damaged vehicles from the enemy. Here a British tank has been badly hit and set alight: the enemy will wait for the crew to climb out and then subject them to a hail of machine-gun fire. How they are protected with the aid of a smoke-screen is shown in the above drawing

THIS IS A PICTURE OF THE WESTERN DESERT: The flat, sandy ground stretches away to the low line of hills in the distance—lonely, deserted, but for the few scrub-bushes. . . . But is it? Now look at the picture at the bottom of this page!

THE PRICE OF EMPIRE: A WAR CEMETERY NEAR TOBRUK, where lie the graves of those British and Imperial soldiers who gave their lives in the defence of that Libyan stronghold, and thus made possible the subsequent advance of General Auchinleck's Eighth Army. Each grave bears its own carpentered cross, and each has been enclosed to resist the encroaches of the desert sands

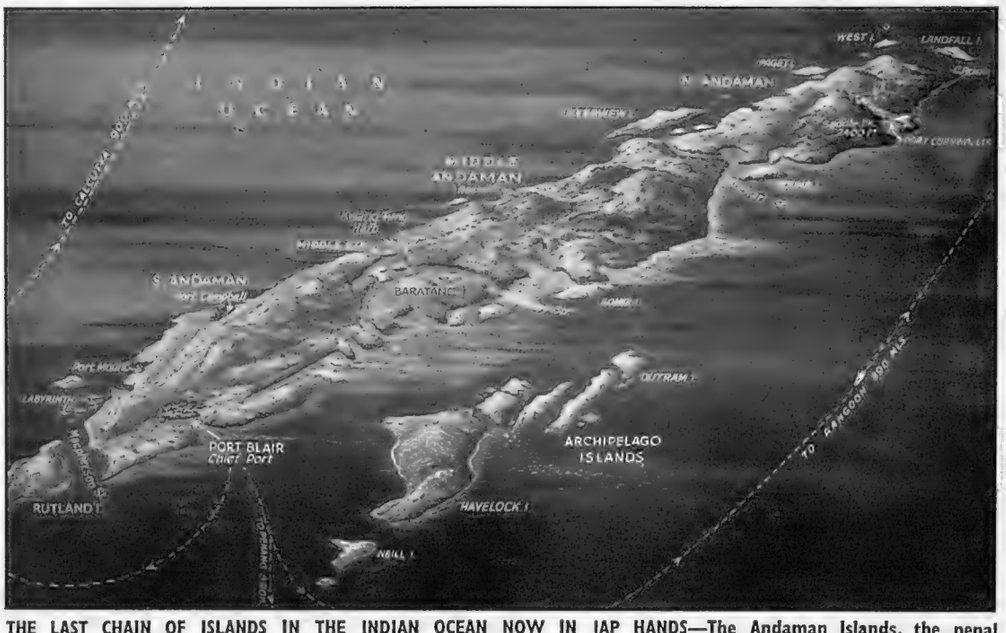
THIS IS THE SAME STRIP OF DESERT AS THAT IN THE PICTURE AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE. All the time it has been swarming with British troops, but they have been perfectly concealed behind the meagre cover of the bushy scrub!

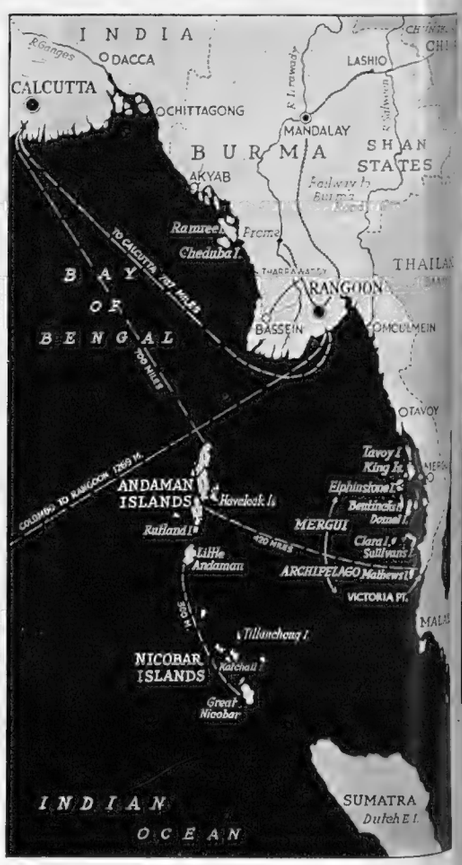
The two pictures at top and bottom of this page demonstrate the art of concealment as practised by British troops in Libya—a region, seemingly, where such an art would appear to be impossible! "The desert is a fortress to him who knows it, and a grave to him who does not," says an Arab proverb—and these pictures demonstrate the truth of this grim saying. Incidentally, the two views given here were taken within a few seconds of each other. Such methods as these have been frequently practised by our patrols when moving through hostile territory in the desert, and have resulted in many successful engagements with enemy forces which have been taken completely by surprise



WITH THE FALL OF SINGAPORE, THE INDIAN OCEAN NOW LIES OPEN TO THE JAPANESE—if they choose to risk battle with the Allied Fleet. This map covers the possibilities with which we now have to contend

First came the occupation of the entire length of the Malay Peninsula: shortly afterwards, Sumatra, too, was occupied by the Japanese; then Siam up to the Burmese borders. When Singapore fell, and the advance into Burma became an accomplished fact, the whole of the Indian Ocean was thrown open to the Japanese Fleet. The position now is that the eastern shores of this vast area are in enemy possession, affording innumerable bases for further operations, should the enemy High Command decide to risk combat between our naval forces around India and our land forces on the Peninsula itself. Despite their admittedly great achievements hitherto, the magnitude of such a further dispersal of their effort may well cause the Japs to call a voluntary halt—especially as the opposition to their threatened invasion of Australasia grows. With the occupation of the Andaman Islands by the Japanese, it would seem that they now have complete control of the eastern half of the Indian Ocean. This string of islands lies some 120 miles south-west of the Burmese mainland, and some 420 miles from Victoria Point: there are six main islands and about 200 small islands and islets, with an area, in all, of 2,260 square miles. Since 1858 the Indian Government have utilised the Andamans as a penal settlement





THE LAST CHAIN OF ISLANDS IN THE INDIAN OCEAN NOW IN JAP HANDS—The Andaman Islands, the penal settlement south-west of Burma, with Port Blair as its capital—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*
On the right—**A key map showing distances from Burma and Siam**

The APPROACH to INDIA

After the Fall of Singapore and the Advance Through Burma, the Japs now Control the Whole of the Eastern Shores of the Indian Ocean

ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN—or, an island off an island! The Count de Moni (connected with the Royal House of France, and a friend of the ex-Kaiser) lived on this small tropical island for twenty-five years. It is situated off the coast of Ceylon, about four hours' journey from Colombo. The villa occupied by the Count is here glimpsed through the palm-trees

TYPICAL OF THE TYPE OF COUNTRY ON THE ISLAND OF CEYLON: Tea-planting is the principal industry of the island, and the character of the country has been determined by this fact. The tea plant grows to a height of 20 to 30 ft.: should invasion ever become a fact, it is to be hoped that the tea plantations will offer less cover to the Japanese than did the rubber plantations of Malaya!

MODERN CALCUTTA—An impressive view of a portion of the great city on the Hooghli: Formerly the capital of the mighty Indian Empire and the official residence of the Viceroy, Calcutta to-day is a modern city filled with fine buildings and occupied by hundreds of thousands of industrious citizens. With the Japs in occupation of Rangoon and other considerable parts of the eastern shores of the Indian Ocean, Calcutta now lies under the threat of enemy attack from the air and even from the sea. The history of the city goes back to antiquity: so far as the British are concerned, however, it has been an Empire possession since 1702, when the original Fort was built

THE AMAZING FLIGHT FROM BURMA: THE INDIAN POPULATION FLEE FROM THE INVADING JAPANESE, blocking roads and railways and even crowding the Irrawaddy River in their trek towards the mountains and the Indian frontier—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Not even in Belgium and France, in the first half of 1940, have such amazing scenes been witnessed as those which took place throughout Burma during the first weeks of the Japanese advance into that country. For scores of years, great numbers of Indians have been living and working in Burma: these, with the native Burmese, filled every road and train and river-boat leading out of the country as the enemy marched in. Three-quarters of a million of them choked the two main roads to Mandalay and the An Pass: with little food, burdened with children, they faced vast marches through entirely waterless country. The British Military Command attempted to control the numbers on the road, but with little success; and military operations by our forces were held up in consequence. The two roads involved in this gigantic exodus are those through Mandalay and Prome; and other refugees are crowding the Irrawaddy river-boats. The general idea is to reach the coast over the An Pass and thus secure passage on the boats to India for which the Government has arranged

THE MODERN METHOD OF INFILTRATION by small bodies of men under cover forcing their way behind the enemy's lines. It was the employment of such tactic all down the length of the Malayan Peninsula that caused the British positions to be abandoned one after the other, owing to the fear that the enem would cut off our line of communication with the base. The enemy force their way in, and around, and even over, the defenders' line wherever a point i entry may be gained—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

THE OLD METHOD (ABOVE) AND THE NEW INFILTRATION METHOD (IN THE TOP PICTURE) COMPARED: The basic idea of the Japanese method, first used Malaya and now being employed in Burma, is shown in the disposition of 120 men in the upper picture. This force penetrates the defenders' line wherev a point of entry is found. The lower drawing shows a similar force preparing to attack one given point in the opposing line—on the 1914-18 model. T "bunching," or single concentration, is the basic one behind modern practice, as pointed out in the article by Mr. Cowie below—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

INFILTRATION—The New Idea in Warfare

The Basic Principle of the Methods so Successfully Employed by the Japs in Malaya and in Burma

Described by DONALD COWIE

WE hear from Burma that our troops have again been forced to withdraw in order to avoid being cut off after the Japanese had again passed through their positions. The news from Russia is that Soviet army groups have now insinuated themselves deep between similar German groups, which are being slowly encircled. The aim of our political warfare is to destroy the enemy's morale by continually pointing out the advantages to be gained by relinquishing the struggle against us. Each is an example of the new warlike principle of *infiltration*. Yet it is not so very new. The ancient Roman method of fighting was by the thrusting forward of velites, like modern stormtroops, in bunches through the opposi lines. Napoleon's tactical meth was penetration by cavalry colum and he also sought to sap opponent's political strength t constant rumour-mongering and pr paganda. However, infiltration an infantry tactic under the co ditions of warfare with high-spe missile weapons is a developme peculiar to recent times. It is method started by the Germans in the last war, ba on a French treatise they had stolen, and design primarily to counter the menace of the machine-gun

The Idea of "Infiltration"

includes the use of armoured vehicles for rapid transport and the immediate springing into crescendo operation of the infantry once they have penetrated the enemy lines. The emphasis on "extrication" which was so conspicuous in recent Far East operations, is here eliminated. The dominating motif is to cut the enemy's line, surprise his posts and cause the enemy confusion.

"The infantryman," Mr. Cowie writes, "must still be taught the time-honoured basic tactics of attack and defence, how to take cover, how to advance under fire, and the rest. You 'll see them doing that any day on any nearby common. But that is only the beginning, as is the preliminary instruction the infantryman receives in the use of his main weapons, the rifle, Bren gun, mortar, grenade and bayonet.

"It is a very curious paradox that the arrival of the most mechanical form of war has revived some of the most primitive methods of fighting. The difference is this. You used to train your men to keep in formation, to advance steadily, to use weapons according to the instructions on the box, and always to remember, by the way, that you didn't get far in this world by adopting caddish, low-down tricks. To-day you must teach them practically the opposite in each case, to 'infiltrate' rather than advance steadily, to use a weapon as a gun, a bludgeon, a pike and a battle-axe in one, and to fight as an 'all-in' wrestler."

TWO DRAWINGS (above and below) which show, in realistic manœuvre, how British troops are being taught modern infiltration methods—*Drawings by W. G. Whitaker*

Although the spirit of individual effort is being inculcated and put into practice as part of the Army's training, it has not been found easy to fit it into actual use in a terrain to which infantry are wholly unfamiliar. The idea of infiltration behind the enemy's lines is stimulated by manœuvre operations which are made as realistic as possible. Here a squad of "infiltrators" have seized the end of a bridge over which enemy supplies are about to pass. The low visibility adds to the realism of the operation

What exactly *is* this infiltration? It is a method of attack by small groups of men who keep together and probe for soft points. Instead of extending, say, two platoons (sixty men) over some 300 yards and telling them to advance, the same men are bunched into two groups and ordered to advance, keeping in single file or close together, against two reconnoitred weak parts of the enemy's positions. That is the first part. But the second process is even more important. As soon as the platoons have made contact with the enemy, reserve groups must be moving up to give them support, then, after penetration has been achieved, assist the leading platoons to fan-out within the enemy's zone and complete the little victory by taking defenders in the rear.

That is the basic principle, and it will be seen that it is the exact opposite of what our Army has been taught for so many years. Its advantages are tremendous. The defenders must necessarily be spread out. Their fire-plan will be made to cover the whole frontage to be defended. If you extend your attackers in a line all those defending small-arms and machine-guns will have a target, but if you bunch them at a few places, then only a few of the defending guns will be able to find a mark, and they will be quickly overwhelmed.

The principle has been developed widely in this war as employed by all the most successful armies, the German, the Russian, the Japanese, and, one notes with relief, some British units in Africa. Wavell's plan for the conquest of Eritrea and Abyssinia was based upon the principle. Cunningham was only able to defeat an army of several hundred thousand with an attacking force in tens of thousands by employing grand-scale infiltration tactics, a few sturdy columns which penetrated the Italian lines again and again. But the most interesting developments have been in the small-unit work which first gave the name of infiltration to the tactic. Employing it in jungle warfare, the Japanese have not bothered about close support by reserve platoons for the attackers, but have told the insinuating files of swift-moving men to continue moving until they have reached a far-distant objective. This has been facilitated by the Japanese capacity for merging into his background and getting confused with the local population, also by his ability to support himself on a little rice or local foraging.

The Germans and the Russians have similarly carried infiltration to its logical extreme—lacing quickly and sharply right through defending positions to the extreme rear in compact, irresistible columns—by employing tankettes and troop-carrying aircraft—to give the men tactical seven-league boots.

Yet as I write these words I can see from my window a number of soldiers advancing across a field that is used for training. They are spaced at about 25 yards apart and are groping along, occasionally falling flat. My God, if somebody was waiting behind that ridge with a machine-gun! It is evident, therefore, that we should not blame our men for recent reverses, only our methods, and the authorities which refuse to wipe the Boer War from their text-books. We are using infiltration tactics, and we know how to use them. But at the same time we still stick to the old methods in some places, as if infiltration has not yet been proven.

It might be added that the system of defence in depth by strong points was evolved just to meet this method of infiltration, also that the German panzer attack by smashing blows at a weak spot followed by fanning-out within the defenders' position is the adoption of the method to tank tactics.

JAPANESE SHOCK TROOPS, of the type used for infiltration, GOING INTO ACTION

These men are led by an officer brandishing a sword—more for effect than for actual effectiveness, one imagines! The men may, according to British standards, appear to be slipshod in kit and uniform; but this is nevertheless the type of soldier who has borne the brunt of the heavy fighting during the advance through Malaya and Burma

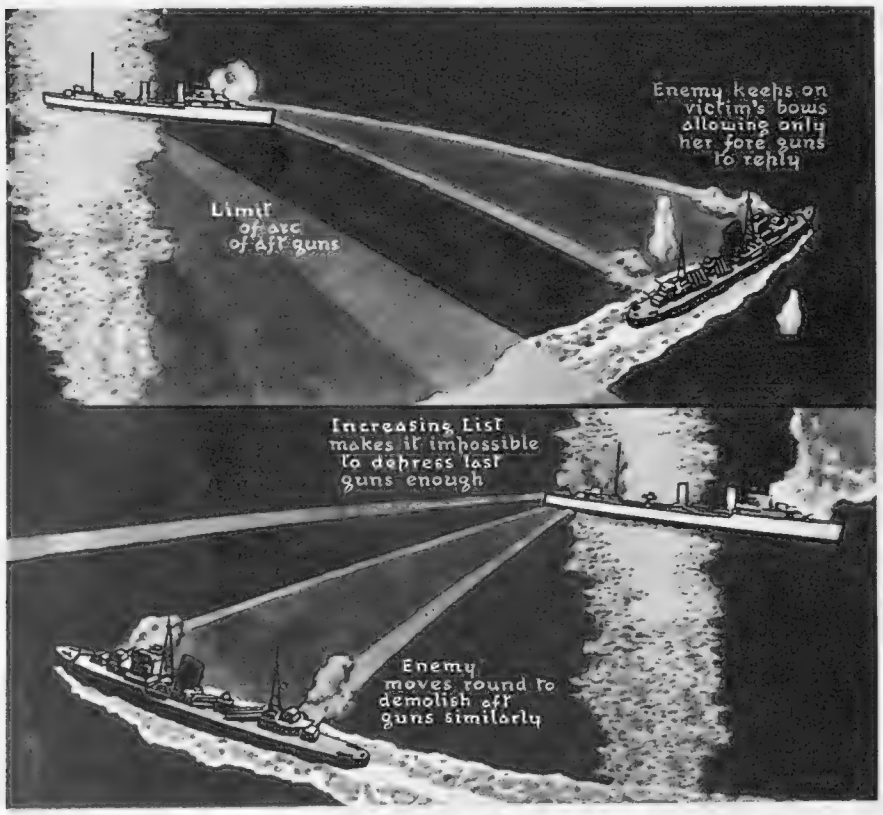
The STORY of H.M.S. "ELECTRA"

Fifty-four of whose Survivors were Plucked out of the Java Sea by a U.S. Submarine

—Special Sphere *Drawings and Diagrams*

THE LAST OF THE "ELECTRA." Outnumbered three to one . . . only one gun was left firing when the order was given to abandon ship—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On left—The British destroyer *Electra* was a vessel of 1,375 tons. In the Battle of the Java Seas she was ordered to counter-attack about fifteen minutes after the cruiser *Exeter* had been hit. As the *Electra* cleared the smoke three heavy enemy destroyers were sighted on opposite courses 6,000 yards distant. She immediately engaged them; but soon a shell hit her boiler-room and loss of steam caused her to stop. Whilst thus disabled she still continued to engage the enemy: but one by one her guns were silenced, heavy fires broke out, and her list increased. Finally, only one gun was left firing, and the order to abandon ship was given (the moment depicted by Mr. McDowell *on the left*). At about 6 p.m., the gallant *Electra* went to her end, leaving fifty-four survivors floating on the surface of the sea. All these men, we are glad to record, were saved some nine hours later by a United States submarine—as recorded by Mr. Montague Dawson in the fine drawing reproduced *below*

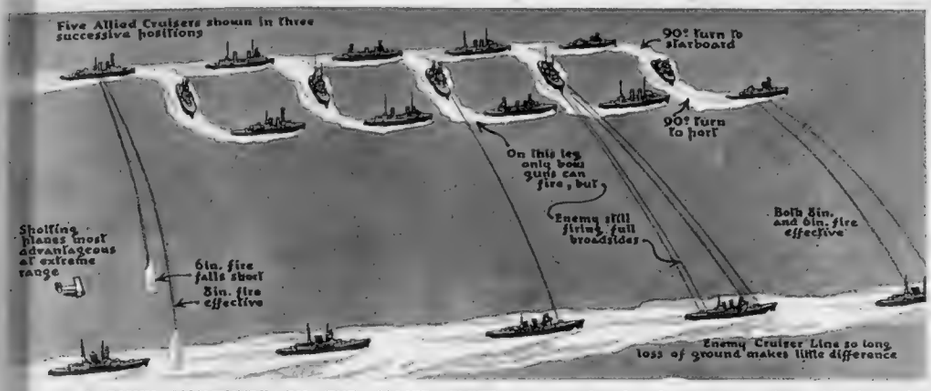


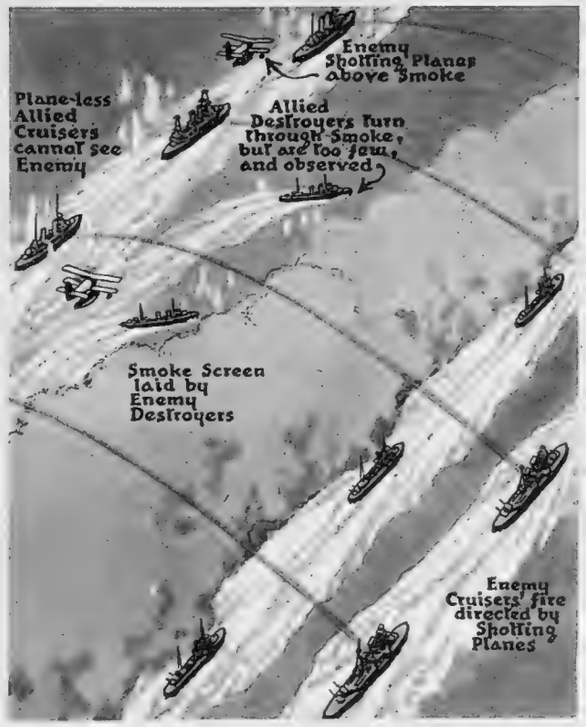
WHY A SHIP IS DOOMED WHEN HALTED BY DAMAGE DURING BATTLE AT SEA—The case of the destroyer "Electra"—*Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy*

Almost as soon as she went into action in the face of heavy odds, *Electra* received a hit in her boiler-room on the port side. She was stopped by the consequent loss of steam, and began to list to port. The enemy were thus enabled to keep on the helpless destroyer's bow, allowing only her fore guns to remain effective: added to this her increasing list made it impossible for *Electra* to depress her last guns enough on the starboard side. As the enemy moved round they were able to put more and more of *Electra's* guns out of action

On right—**THE DRAMATIC SCENE AS FIFTY-FOUR SURVIVORS OF THE BRITISH DESTROYER "ELECTRA" WERE RESCUED BY A UNITED STATES SUBMARINE**—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

"The moon was up, the sea rising and the wind freshening" as H.M.S. *Electra* went down after her gallant encounter with no fewer than three heavy enemy destroyers. She slowly sank until she went out of sight at about 6 p.m. Nine hours later there were forty-one survivors on a Carley float, eleven on a broken raft and two men on an ordinary small float. At 3.15 a.m. an American submarine was sighted. "The Lieutenant commanding the submarine handled the ship splendidly," said one of the survivors after he had landed in Australia. His crew put everything they knew into the work of picking up the men in a nasty sea: they swam with lines to bring the Carley float alongside the underwater craft (as depicted in Mr. Dawson's drawing). All forty-one were taken off, together with the eleven other survivors and the two men on the ordinary float—fifty-four in all. That night they were all taken to a Java port by a Dutch minesweeper, and later they were conveyed to Western Australia



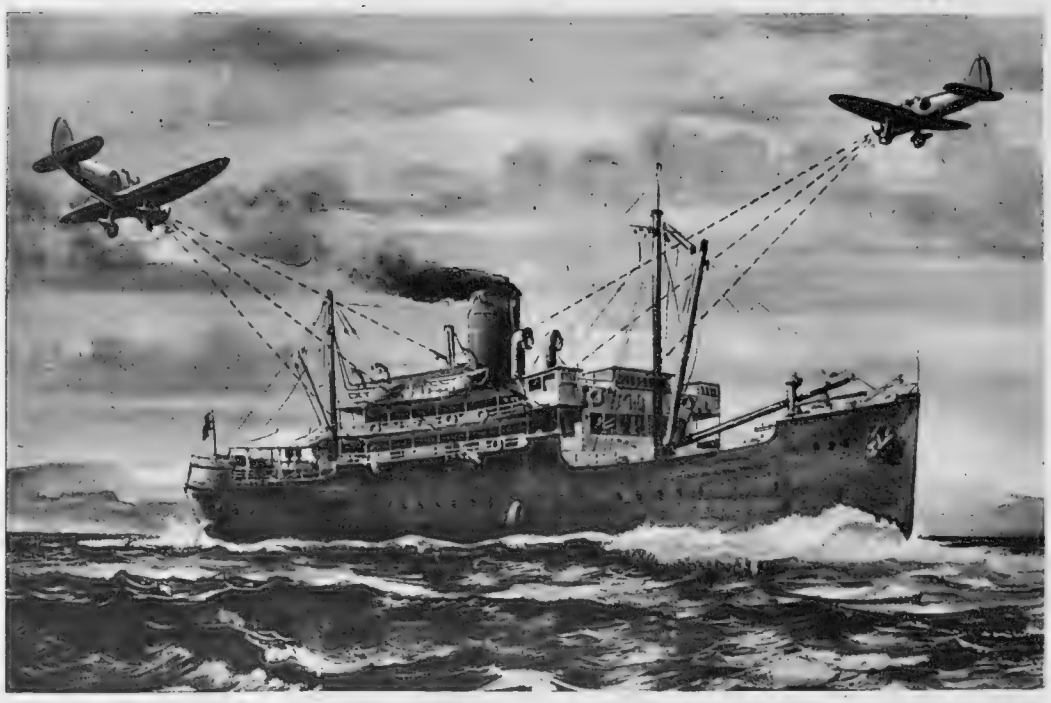


Above—**A RISKY MANŒUVRE BY THE ALLIED FLEET** to reach the Japanese cruisers during the battle. *On right*—**THE ADVANTAGES OF THE JAPANESE, WHO EMPLOYED SPOTTING PLANES AND SMOKE-SCREENS DURING THE ACTION**—*Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy*

The drawing immediately *above* shows how the Japanese, with their cruisers in a faster condition than the Allies', could keep the range at the extreme of their 8-in. guns, causing the Allied 6-in. shells to fall short. By a plucky manœuvre indicated in this drawing, the Allied cruisers closed the range by a 90-deg. turn to starboard and then another 90-deg. turn to port: the enemy cruiser line was so long that the loss of ground implied by this manœuvre made no appreciable difference. The drawing *on the right* shows how the enemy employed both smoke-screens and spotter aircraft to help them during the battle. Despite that the Allied cruisers were all equipped to carry aircraft, none were employed by our vessels, although four or five Japanese spotter planes hovered overhead throughout the daylight phase of the battle. The calm, clear weather was ideal for the use of smoke. Everything, in fact, seemed to favour the Japanese both by day and by night

The LAST MOMENTS in JAVA

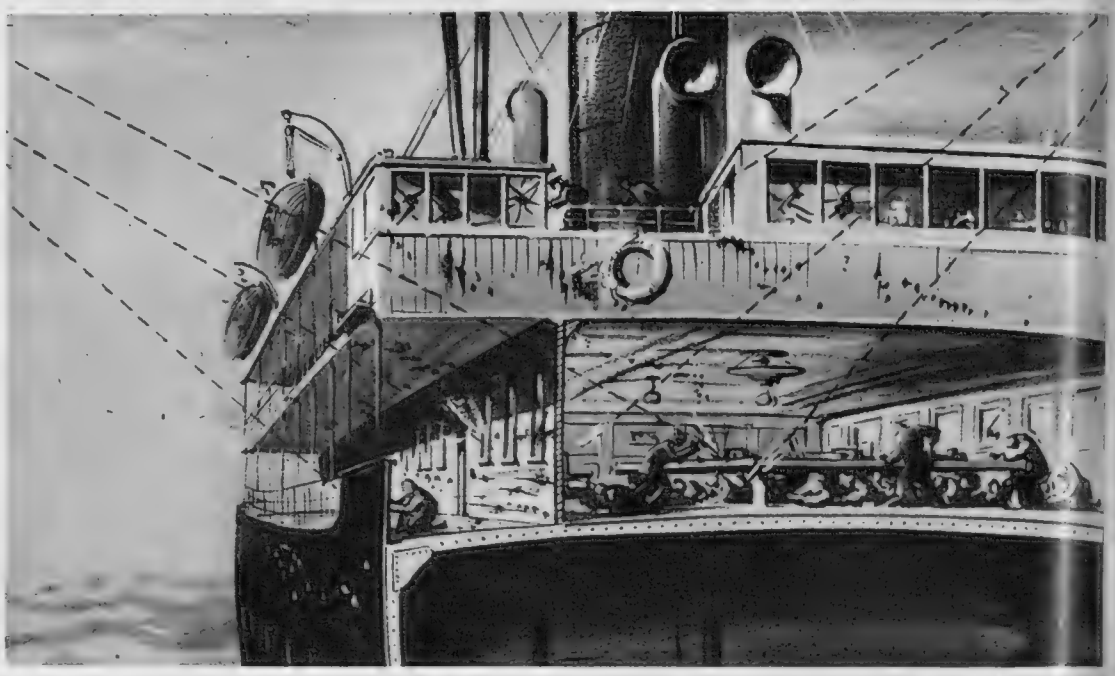
Reconstructed, in Special Sphere Drawings, from Eye-witness Accounts of the Final Scenes



LIEUT.-GENERAL TER POORTEN, who took over from General Wavell and had the melancholy task of surrendering Java to the Japanese

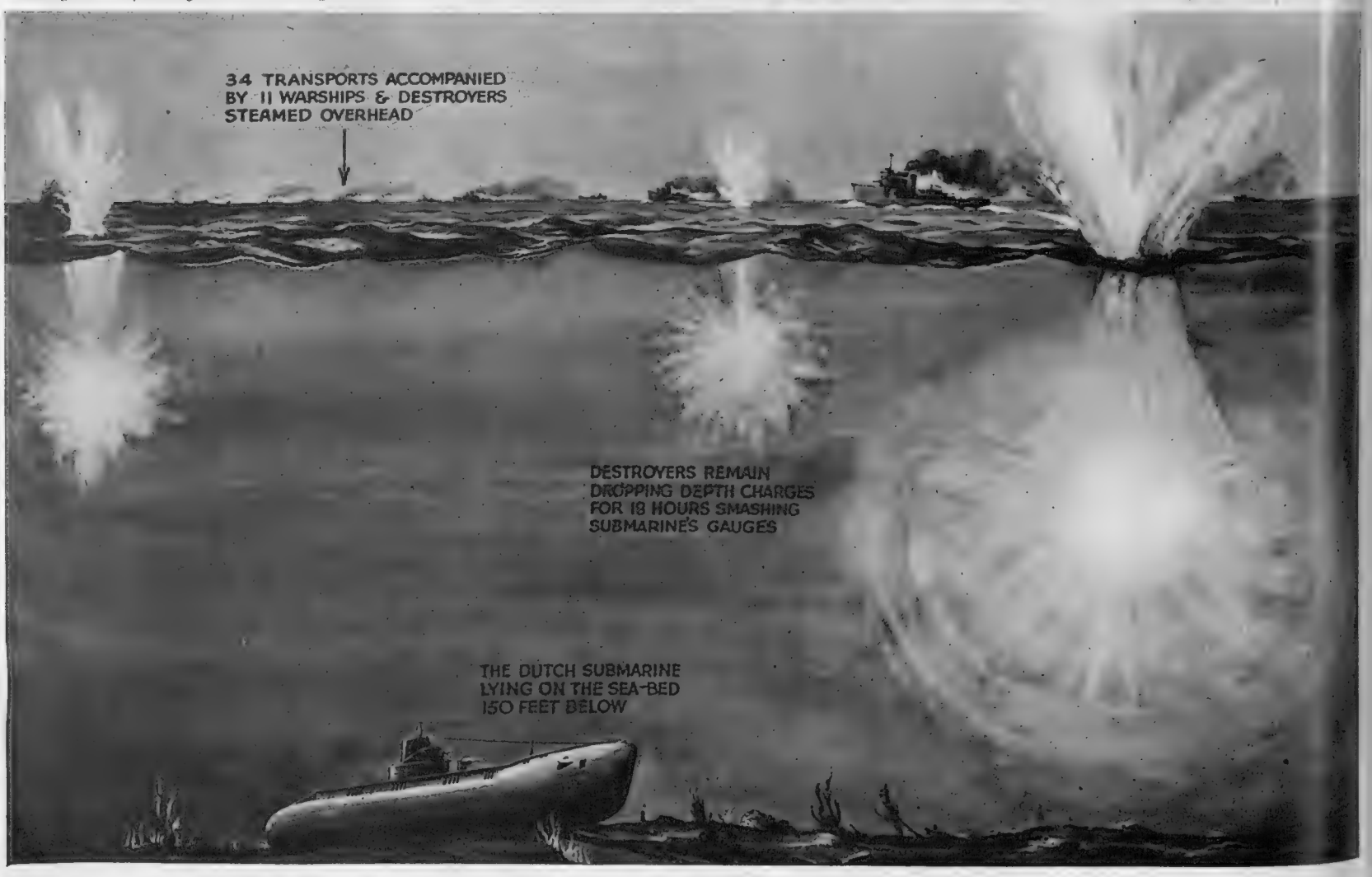
Above and on right—**THE LAST SHIP FROM JAVA ESCAPES from the southern port of Tjilatjap under cannon- and machine-gun fire from Japanese bombers**—*Drawings by F. D. Blake*

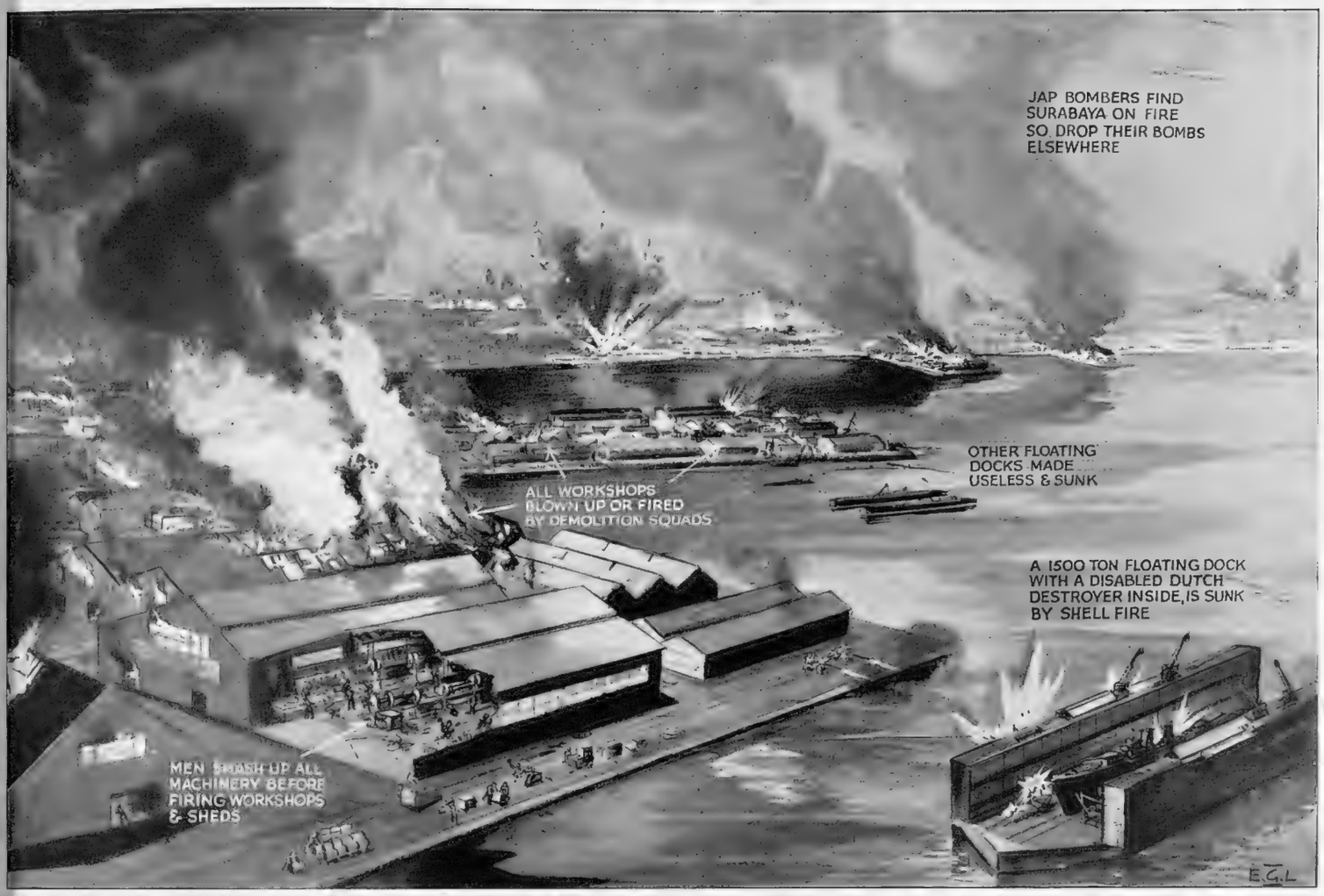
On the last ship to leave, 600 people were crammed aboard a vessel which had cabins for fewer than forty, about 90 per cent. of them being Dutch Navy personnel. At dawn came twenty-five enemy bombers—first nine, then seven, then nine again. "Before the siren could even blurt out the first note of the quadruple signal meaning 'Air Attack,'" wrote Mr. George Weller from Australia, "machine-gun bullets and cannon-shells ripped directly into the main saloon below the bridge. . . . Sixty persons were instantly upon the floor. . . . Then came more hammering of steel and splintering of wood. . . ." A grim exposition of the power behind a modern fighting aircraft's armament!



Below—**A DUTCH SUBMARINE, during the invasion of Java, LIES CONCEALED FOR EIGHTEEN HOURS on the sea-bottom whilst thirty-four transports and eleven destroyers pass overhead**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Before the destruction of all the installations at Surabaya by the Dutch, the underwater craft of our Allies operating around Java had all been forced to the sea bottom by the cavalcades of Jap destroyers preceding the convoys invading the island. One submarine commander has described how he had lain upon the sea-floor in 150 ft. of water for eighteen hours from six o'clock on one day till noon of the next, while almost continuous depth-charges made his little craft ("which looks like a toothpick beside American submarines," as Mr. George Weller described it) shake until its gauges were all smashed. Overhead passed the churning propellers of thirty-four transports accompanied by eleven warships, and the destroyers which followed remained lingering over him, sending down depth-charges for all of the eighteen hours!





THE MOST THOROUGH DEMOLITION WHICH HAS YET TAKEN PLACE IN THE WAR: The wrecking of Surabaya, the biggest and most efficient naval base in the South-West Pacific, by the Dutch before the surrender of Java—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Mr. George Weller, whose despatches from Australia after the Java Sea battle have been amongst the most vivid and most precise from the Pacific war area, has described how the Dutch annihilated their wonderful naval base at Surabaya rather than hand it over intact to the invaders. They worked without panic but to a fully prearranged plan on three separate sites—the naval air base, the naval base itself, and the commercial harbour at Perak, all of which were part of the waterfront of the town. All documents were burned, all furniture splintered into fragments, all telephones, radio workshops (including rows of radio valves each worth £125 apiece), and buildings thoroughly and methodically burned. Coastal guns were exploded, dry docks demolished or sunk (including one of 1,500 tons and one of 4,000 tons), hangars blown up, engine workshops blasted, torpedo magazines (holding from 500 to 600 torpedoes) exploded individually—until the flames were so great that even the Jap bombers forbore from wasting their bombs on the already terrific demolitions. Nothing that could be destroyed was left to fall into enemy hands. It will be quite impossible for the Japs to use Surabaya as a port—let alone as a naval base—for a good many months to come!

THE LAST BOMBER (A U.S.-BUILT GLENN-MARTIN) MAKES A MIDNIGHT FLIT FROM A BANDOENG AERODROME: It took off from Java the remaining remnants of the Dutch and Allied Air Forces on the island—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The Glenn-Martin which is believed to be the last aircraft to leave before the arrival of the Japs had been stripped of its bomb-racks and guns and hurriedly fitted with an extra tank for a nine-hours' non-stop flight from Java to Australia. When they left Andir Airfield at Bandoeng, Japanese troops were only a few hundred yards away. The flare-path lights had to be turned on for the take-off, whilst in the distance could be seen the lights of the advancing enemy. There were altogether nine people in the aircraft, including the wife of a Dutch airman who travelled in the bomb-aimer's compartment. Their route lay over the island of Timor, now in Japanese hands, but no opposition was encountered. Whilst waiting on the airfield explosions from the demolition work by the Dutch could be heard from all sides. Later, after Bandoeng had been surrendered, Surabaya and the eastern portion of Java were also captured by the Japanese

HOW SWITZERLAND STANDS TO-DAY

Why the Swiss have Sent a Trade Mission to Britain; How They Maintain Their Industries in the Midst of Warring Nations; and How the Conflict Has Affected Trade and Social Life in the Small Neutral Republic

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE arrival of the Swiss Trade Mission headed by Dr. Hans Sulzer, formerly Swiss Minister to Washington, Professor Rappard, the Economic Expert of Geneva, and Professor Keller, has aroused a number of unfriendly comments about Switzerland. The members of the Trade Mission are presumably here to negotiate for a larger goods exchange and extra food supplies. Unkind critics point out that the Swiss are selling a lot of their goods to Germany, and claim that Hitler has deliberately abstained from invading Switzerland in order to keep a vast factory for himself.

The truth of the matter is that Switzerland is in a very unfortunate predicament. The tone of its newspapers, particularly after the loss of Singapore, makes it quite clear that they are Anglophile—or, at least, realise that they have nothing to fear from England and a great deal to fear from Germany.

But look at their position. They are surrounded completely by the Axis countries except for thirty miles of Vichy France. Their population is four million, and the greatest enemy of Hitler would not be so foolish as to want Switzerland to go to war with Germany unless actually attacked.

Of the working population of two million Swiss, 181,000 are in metal trades, 107,000 in the textile industry, 89,000 in the food trade, and 400,000 are agricultural workers, farmers, and the like. There are also 60,000 employed in the clock and watch industry, and 20,000 in chemicals. In addition, there are 20,000 adults who are unemployed.

Many people imagine that 80 per cent. of Switzerland's peacetime prosperity was due to the tourist traffic. In point of fact, only 10 per cent. of its revenue came in this way. Its most profitable business was the export of clocks and watches, which amounted in the year before the war to a value of 250,000,000 Swiss francs. To-day, by force of circumstances, the export of watches and clocks goes almost entirely to the Axis. And, indeed, Switzerland is dependent on Germany for coal, steel, newsprint, and feeding stuff for the cattle, among other things.

Switzerland, believe it or not, has its own navy. So the old joke about the Swiss admiral is out of date. This small fleet imports wheat by way of Lisbon, Marseilles and Genoa from overseas. Coffee and tea have also to be imported in this way. Navicerts are given. But at the moment almost the only edibles that are not rationed over there are bread and vegetables. Thus, meat is rationed; even cheese is rationed. Macaroni and rice are rationed, although they are still unrationed here, or at least only on the Points system. Coffee and tea in Switzerland were rationed from the start of the war.

Exports to Germany include electric power and re-exported finished goods for which the Swiss receive the raw materials. This last year the import of coal from Germany was only one-third of the requirements, and as the drought prevented the working of many of the biggest electric-power plants, the Swiss had the coldest winter in history. Incidentally, the imports of copper and nickel have been stopped.

Switzerland has always been a professional neutral. In the church of St. Martin at Vevey you will find the remains of Ludlow and Broughton, who read the death sentence to King Charles I. in 1649. It was only fifty years ago that the memorial tablet was erected to their memory—on the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's succession!

But, however neutral Switzerland may wish to be, it has been impossible not to divert to Germany those exports which the collapse of France made it impossible for us to acquire. They claim that the war material they produce is negligible, except for their own purposes in still further fortifying their positions and arming their troops. Officially the Swiss Army, which was mobilised in September 1939, has not yet been demobilised. Actually, slightly over half the officers, N.C.O.s and men have been allowed to take a series of extended business leaves. But there are always 200,000 troops under arms, and the rest are available for immediate recall.

At the moment there are in Switzerland 14,000 Polish troops, who are still allowed to keep their arms. They made their way into Switzerland, and those of them who are of the student class are studying at technical colleges and the Swiss universities. At the collapse of France there were 30,000 French troops who crossed the border to prevent capture. But these have since returned home. There is a handful of British prisoners of war, and about 5,000 Jewish emigrés who entered by way of Unoccupied France.

Switzerland is the protecting power in Germany and Italy for Great Britain and the United States. She is also the protecting power for the United States in Japan, where the Argentine acts for us in this capacity. She is the protecting power for Germany and Italy and Japan in the United States, and for Germany and Italy and Siam in Great Britain. She used to be the protecting power for Germany in the Dutch East Indies, and for Japan in Hong Kong and Singapore.

In Geneva alone there is a staff of 6,000 dealing with prisoners of war and the other routine duties of the International Red Cross Society. Russia has no connection with the International Red Cross Society, although the subject has been approached. (I have heard grim stories of the systematic starvation of two and a-half million Russian prisoners in Germany. Russia has a minimum of 700,000 German prisoners of war.)

Those of you who used to visit Switzerland for the winter sports may be interested to know that the Palace Hotel at St. Moritz is still open; in fact, most of the big hotels at the leading resorts have been able to continue, somewhat emptily. But the Swiss have always had a mania for travel, and now that the outside world is closed to them, they are enjoying the beauties of their own country. Winter sports, however, have been run on almost entirely military lines. There have been endurance tests for age groups. In the Army championship at Davos, one thousand patrols took part in the thirty-kilometres race. There were military ski-ing events in Engelberg, with a twenty-five-kilometres race, and the native Swiss ski championship was won at Grindelwald by Otto Von Allmen. Miniature Olympic Games took place at Gestaad. It was a very good winter for snow, but, I repeat, the coldest on record, partly because of ground temperatures and partly because of the lack of coal and electric power.

Frankly, the more real information one has about Switzerland, the more sorry one cannot help feeling for her. Out of every thousand Switzers, 720 speak German, 210 speak French, 60 speak Italian, and 10 speak Romansch. German, French, and Italian are all official languages in Switzerland. Fortunately, there has never been a war of languages in Switzerland, and this diversity of tongues has always been respected and even regarded with favour. The reason for this is that Nationalism, as we know it to-day, did not rear its head until the nineteenth century, some five hundred years after the formation of the original Swiss Republic. It never occurred to the original Swiss when they were thrown together for mutual protection against the Hapsburg Empire that there was any language problem, or that it could create any difficulty. This is still the attitude to-day.

Postscript.—The diplomatic bag from the Swiss Legation to Berne takes a week, by way of Lisbon. The Swiss golf courses are still optimistically kept up, but golf balls are more or less unobtainable. The reinsurance business at Zurich still continues for insurance companies of all the belligerents. And if that is not neutral, what is? The Customs revenue has dropped sixty-five million Swiss francs annually since the collapse of France.

WHAT IS ODD ABOUT THIS PICTURE? Five minutes before the picture was taken, crowds were listening to the performance of a band in one of the London parks. Yet there are no empty cigarette boxes, bus tickets, or litter of any kind. This is just another proof that Londoners have become conscious of the great importance of waste paper! To conserve all waste is now a matter of prime importance

PLEASE KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

The LATEST LONDON PLAYS

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

A VISIT to the Lyric Theatre to see *Blossom Time*, a re-issue of Schubertiana on *Lilac Time* lines, set me thinking of the number of famous musicians I have seen represented on the stage. My first experience, I think, was Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree as Beethoven. Sir Herbert, who was about as much like Beethoven as I am, put up an effective performance in a not very effective play. I recall seeing in a play at the Duke of York's Richard Wagner, who was a short man with a big head, played by a tall man with a little head. I have seen several plumpish Chopins and a Mendelssohn (who died in 1847) wearing a long eighteenth-century wig.

However, to return to *Blossom Time*. This is a good entertainment of its type, the main point being that a vast number of Schubert's exquisite songs are sung by Mr. Richard Tauber, who is that rare thing, a first-rate tenor who is also a first-rate musician. Of course, he is far too prosperous and eupeptic in appearance for poor, starving Franz Schubert, who died wretchedly at thirty-one. But one cannot be too pedantically realistic in these matters. Mr. Tauber a few years ago appeared—plump and genial as ever—as that grim, emaciated, *macabre* figure, the violinist Paganini.

The London theatre continues to be pretty busy, and an important contribution to its lighter side is the transference of the radio feature *Happidrome* to the stage of the Prince of Wales's. I must confess that I never listened in to *Happidrome*, but as a George Black revue I looked at and listened to it and enjoyed at least three-quarters of it. The comedians I would hardly put down as a strong team. But there is a quartet of "Charladies," who look drab and dull and charladyish until they suddenly prove that they can sing well, dance well, and be intensely funny; they "stopped the show." Also, there is a dynamic little person called Miss Bunty Meadows, for whom stardom is not a dead but a very live certainty.

Mr. Tom Walls has been away from the West End much too long, and although the new comedy at the Ambassadors', *Why Not To-night?* does not give him much chance for that piquant style he has made his own—well, 'twill serve. It is a fairly amusing and at times rather impudent discussion of marital muddles, two couples being involved. The quartet consists of Mr. Walls, Mr. Stafford Dickens (who is the author and has given himself a poorish part), Miss Betty Stockfeld and (before she left the show) Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, with a butler, perfectly played by Mr. James Harcourt, to chime in occasionally with his opinion.

Decidedly grim stuff is *School for Slavery*, at the Westminster, as Nazi persecution in Poland inevitably must be. But the author, M. Lajos Biro, does not just pile horror on horror's head and leave it at that. Here is a play of deep thought and yet one which never ceases to be dramatically effective. Mr. Gordon McLeod makes the German governor a beast and not even a just beast. Mr. Maurice Browne naturally gets most of the sympathy as the Polish professor; this excellent actor has never done anything better. The ladies of the cast have fewer chances, but Miss Catherine Lacey is, as always, admirable.

PROMINENT WAR PERSONALITIES

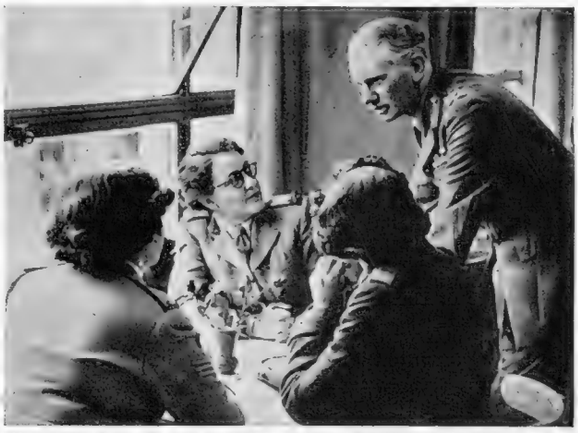
AT A MEETING OF THE MIDDLE EAST WAR COUNCIL IN CAIRO: At regular intervals this War Council, which runs the war not only in Libya but throughout the whole of the Near East, meets at G.H.Q. to discuss policy and strategy. Its members include General Auchinleck, Admiral Cunningham, Air Marshal Tedder, the British Ambassador to Egypt, and other Chiefs. Here General Auchinleck, C.-in-C., and Air Marshal Tedder, A.O.C., are seen seated side by side at the conference table

THE WIFE OF THE CHINESE GENERALISSIMO VISITS THE WOUNDED: Madame Chiang Kai-shek at an Army Hospital in China. For five years now that country has been valiantly struggling against Japanese aggression—for a long part of that time entirely alone and unaided

"THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF THE FORCES"—Captain the Rev. Paul Guiness: Some eight years ago a sheep rancher met some young curates in Auckland, New Zealand. This decided him to change his own job and take up the cloth. The sheep farmer is now a Field Chaplain—Captain the Rev. Paul Guiness, attached to a Searchlight Division in the north-west of England. He has just published his first book of hymns for the Forces, with the approval of the Army, Navy and R.A.F. Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Padre travels hundreds of miles weekly with cinema equipment, giving a showing of "talkies" in wooden huts on Searchlight sites, canteen huts and even in hospital wards. He is a regular visitor to the men in their billets as well as in hospitals

BRITAIN'S TOP-RANKING FIGHTER-PILOT—Wing Commander Frank Reginald Carey, who has now overtaken Wing Commander ("Seaman") Malan in the number of enemy planes shot down. Carey has destroyed forty at least, while Malan is credited with thirty-five. He has just received a second Bar to his D.F.C. for "high qualities of leadership" against the Japs over Burma. Carey is thirty, comes from Brixton, and joined the R.A.F. as an apprentice. In France he shot down four German aircraft in one day

THE PRIME MINISTER'S BROTHER IN LONDON: Major John Strange Spencer Churchill, D.S.O., photographed a few days ago. He was born in 1880, and is the Premier's junior by six years. He served with distinction both in the South African and Great Wars. He now devotes his time to helping his famous brother in many capacities



THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMANDER IN THE MIDDLE EAST: Major-General T. H. Theren, G.O.C. Union Defence Forces— a picture taken during his visit to the Springbok Club in the Middle East, when he met members of the W.A.A.S.

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS—

An Experiment in Autobiography—VII

By J. G.

CAREER!—My education, which had cost my father about £3,000, finished when I had reached twenty-one years of age. I came down from Oxford, a B.A., with a very poor showing in the schools of Honour Moderations and Law Final. I brought home my "sheaves," and they comprised educationally a meagre harvest. I had worked at Latin and Greek for ten years. I can still quote Horace and stumble through my favourite passages of Virgil in the original. I had forgotten how to form the letters of the Greek alphabet within two years.

Of European history, geography, science, mathematics, philosophy, I knew as little as a private-school boy at the leaving age. I had made some progress in Roman Law and the laws of contracts and torts. Of English political and constitutional history I knew almost nothing. My abiding passions and interests were two—scribbling verses and prose, and shooting!

What to do? My family had long wished me to follow in my uncle's footsteps and take Holy Orders. The idea had been kept alive by polite family blackmail for many years, but I knew by the time I was fourteen that I had no call. I came down from Oxford with no ideas for a career, but with the priceless asset of one or two lifelong friends, and with the dubious assets of a reputation for undergraduate wit, and for abnormal luck as a gambler for mild stakes. Since those days at least, I have never made a financial scoop in any venture of a risky kind. In short, I idled four years away, and there are many regrets mingled with joyous memories of Oxford days.

My father offered to stand the shot again if I embraced the law and, since I had no constructive ideas, he entered me at the Inner Temple, and I prepared myself to be called to the Bar and to eat my dinners. Then, for the only time in my life, I gave satisfaction in written examinations. I was bracketed first class (with two gentlemen of colour) in criminal law, evidence and procedure. My father's old clerk brought him the announcement from the *Times*, and I believe it gave him intense pleasure.

So I was "called"—hopefully. But, even then and even so, I compromised. I did not have faith that I could cure an innate diffidence, or ever raise my voice in a Court of Law, and I elected to prepare for the Chancery Side by reading in the chambers of an equity barrister. I believed that decision would lead to some sort of employment outside the law, for I was now ashamed of being a burden on my father for many more years of initiation. I was the youngest of three sons, and my father's means were limited. By a stroke of fortune, I became, while still a student, a temporary capitalist at £1 a day! That humorist of the Bench, and, in criminal trials, most efficient Judge, Mr. Justice Darling, took me as his Marshal for two or three circuits, during which I gained quite invaluable experience of Court procedure and of the relevance of evidence. It was his habit to sit late on the first days of the circuits so as to be free to hunt on the last, and it fell to my lot to visit prisons on hunting days. Otherwise I do not suppose I was of much comfort or help to my Judge. He would of an evening try out his French sonnets on me—they were beyond my powers of criticism—and I responded by writing English verses which I sent anonymously to the local papers. Addressed from Judge's lodgings, I fancy these halting numbers were attributed to his Lordship—which was only poetic justice! I know I took great pride in seeing myself in print, even under false colours.

CROCUS-TIME IN LONDON: In lovely splashes of purple, white and gold, the crocuses have arrived. This cheerful scene in a London park shows a gay carpet of these Springtime flowers—a tonic to all the passers-by

A SUSSEX ESTATE FOR THE NATION: "The Drovers," an estate of about 1,000 acres in Sussex, has been bequeathed to the nation by the late Sir Francis D'Arcy Cooper, chairman of Lever Brothers. The estate lies near Singleton and Goodwood, and includes fine beech-woods and arable pasture-land. This picture shows the mansion as it is seen through the woods

At this time a new Government Department had been set up charged with the administration of private estates. I secured (as a barrister newly called) an inferior post in this department, and became a Civil Servant at £200 a year.

It was dreary work, and when I heard that the Board of Education was advertising for barrister temporary-assistants at £1 a day, I leaped at the rich harvest offered, and, recking nought of the cost, obtained an interview and was accepted.

The Board of Education.—One mature friend gave me a warning. He, too, had been once offered similar employment under the Board, and had turned it down incontinent with the quotation: "I had rather be a thrall among the living than a King among the dead." The bitterness and misery and humiliation of that year under the Board are vivid memories still.

My immediate superior, in whose room I worked, was a Cambridge scholar of quite first-rate ability. He had swept the board clear of all the chief scholastic honours and prizes, and now his immense abilities were largely directed to the task of installing latrines and boot-cupboards in Yorkshire secondary schools. My sectional chief was another great scholar, a poet and a critic, and (if ever there was one) an intellectual snob and bully of the first class. He was more concerned with the nice use of a phrase or the choice of a word than with broad policy. I recall how in a rage he tore up my first official letter because it began with: "Referring to your letter of . . ."; instead of using his favoured "adverting." He had doubted me from the first, and very soon began to despise and to bully me.

When my provisional contract finished, neither side desired to renew it. I found myself once more "among the living." But still I had my living to make and with a certain sense of shame and depression I accepted an offer to resume my humble task in the Department which had first employed me. So passed two or three more years of drab qualification for the "distant prospect" of an old-age pension. In those years I began to go about in the social world of London and published my first book!

My First Book.—I am ashamed to say I have thrown upon an (until 1940) overstocked book-mart a great number of books, some long, some short, some serious and some light, but from none did I derive the thrills and excitements, the pride and the anxiety, which I experienced at the birth of my first literary child.

It was not a heavy infant in any sense. A "slim volume" of 100 pages, it bore beneath my initials the imprimatur of the old poetry-publishing firm of Elkin Mathews, and was somewhat on the lines of Saki's *Reginald*. It was given a kindly boost by Arthur Humphreys of Hatchard's in his *Books of To-day*, and had a mild success in the London world in which I mixed. Not to affect unnatural humility, I admit that, to-day, glancing at its pages, I "stand astonished" at my youthful spirits and nimble wit. I can still raise an appreciative chuckle over some of my own fireworks of long ago. It is at least a useful document for the prosecution in the trial of the Edwardian Age at the Bar of History. It is damning evidence of a mad, bad, blind and selfish period of calm before the oncoming storm, a calm which should have been put to more prudent uses.

In those years, my "work" suffered from my social activities. In the season I danced most nights until four in the morning, and came to my labours in the Strand, gummy, yawning and apathetic, to face the chaff and rather contemptuous interest of my fellow clerks if, as sometimes happened in those days, my name appeared in the social column of the *Times* at the tail-end of a list of guests who had dined with this or that noble hostess before some fashionable ball.

It is never a very happy or wise experience to live with a foot in two worlds, and to apportion one's available energies between them, and so I found. I was always in love (and took the disease very heavily) with some expensive damsel of the Edwardian Era, who understood her duty far better than I appreciated mine; and all my rosy hopes were foredoomed to bitter disappointment. It was not a happy time, all things considered, though it did not lack its golden hours. Nothing I did led anywhere, nothing I attempted had behind it the backing of *purpose*.

(The next article in this series will be published in the issue of April 18.)

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

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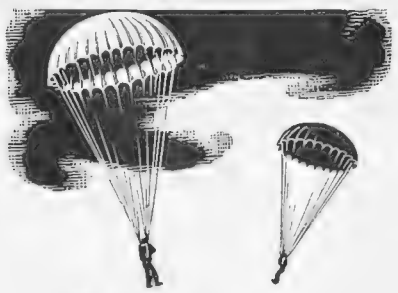

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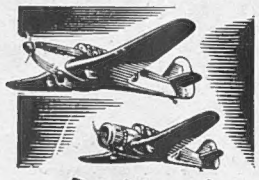

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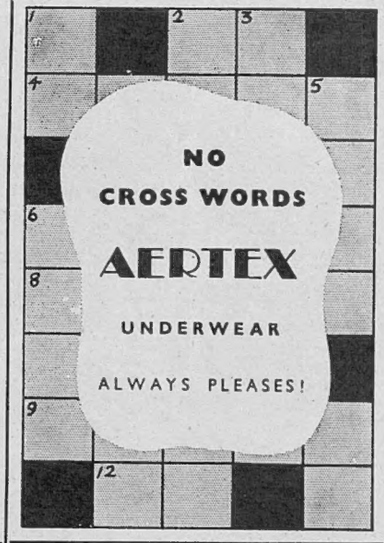

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